

THOUGHT SKETCHES





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THOUGHT SKETCHES





Hermes

From an Antiqu. Bronze in the British Museum

Published: 1846. 73

THOUGHT
SKETCHES

POEMS

BY

WALTER EARLE, M.A.

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

1899

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THOUGHT SKETCHES

WHICH I DEDICATE

TO

THE MEMORY OF

MY BROTHER

CHARLES EARLE

BILTON GRANGE,

Nov. 1899

960549

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THOUGHT SKETCHES

A SINGER'S PLEA

VOCES, Voices everywhere,
Sky, Mountain, Sea and Air,
Before the Throne of God on High
Behold the Worlds in harmony
To Music set!—He wills it so,
And this same order holds below.

Storms in riot, tempests reeling,
Cloud and wave that meet above,—
Dew-mist o'er the petals stealing,
Kiss of Zephyr's whispering love,—
All in unison of feeling
With the Great Choragus move,
Loyal in one true accord,
Keeping the Creator's word.

A

And is man silent,—awestruck and attent,
Wondering which way the Choral Spirit went?—
He hears each utterance in Music spoken,
He knows the eternal Law cannot be broken;—

At last he falters out a cry
“ Attune my lips, attune my heart,
To play some little lowly part
In this great loving Symphony ! ”

And then, Antæus-like he touches Mother Earth
And human faculties can feel their higher birth.

“ ALII ALIA ”

SOME hand strays idly over note and string,

They seem a lifeless thing ;—

Some sweep their brush along a canvass thread,

And what can look more dead ?—

Some hew a marble block,—you wonder why

They work so patiently ;—

Some feel in playing with a thought in rhyme

They keep more even time ;—

Apparently a random guess the ways they find

To loose the fetters of a long-imprison'd mind

And let the Spirit free !—

It is a mystery

How every brother's veil is lifted,—and we know

The Fire from Heaven that lighted up this spark

below.

INSPIRATION

UNSEEN, unheard, armed with Almighty Power,
Discloséd only to the heart that's free
To be possessed entire at any hour
That fits the Spirit's opportunity.

It knows Its Own, It seeks the lowly mind,
Hating all foreign pride and Self-display,
Aware that in Its calmness It can find
Credentials of an undisputed sway.

No rosy tint reflects extraneous light,
No studied glamour lends affected tone.
Knowing Itself, It simply claims Its Right,
Knowing Itself, It occupies Alone.

It gives Its message, and unfolds Its store
 Of purest Influence unstintedly,
Then only, and inside the fast-closed door
 Is heard the utterance of Divinity.

.

Accept His coming, or in pitying ruth
 He turns aside and makes His visit brief ;—
Thus do we read the words of Perfect Truth
 “ He did no work because of Unbelief.”

MERCURY "IN REPOSE"

The Personification of all Energies is portrayed to weary mortals, as being also engaged in the blessed interests of Rest.

BORN of the Rain-Cloud, gotten of great Jove,
Child of the Air-Mother Maia Ever-blest,
Where the Immortals in their Far Above
Beyond all reach of human hate and love
Live without Rest.—

Each energy of thine proclaims its source,
Thou Herald of the Gods,—Thy lightning speed
Can fire the Will, and with terrific force
Each flash of Thought in its resistless course
Is instant Deed.
6



MERCURY.

From photograph of Antique Bronze by G. A. DEAN, Rugby.



Form, Beauty, Grace,—united all in Thee,
Strong in the Gentleness that Power gives,—
One,—Self-possessed,—and yet so wide and free
Thy sway, that Thou art spent like Deity
 In others' lives.

"Twas at thy bidding, in Cyllene's dell,
When playing with the tortoise in thy home,
The Sun-God struck the lyre from its shell,
And with his chord of rays, beneath Thy spell,
 Made Music come.

And then thou'dst seize his Genius, as thy Right,
All law was thine, the God dare not deny,—
At length insatiate, dazzled by His Light
Thou claim'dst the last and only gift,—the might
 Of Prophecy.

Thou chain'dst Ixion on his wheel of woe,—
No hundred eyes could save great Argus' fate—
Vengeance with Thee, on mightiest Giant-foe,
Tracking his destiny in realms below,
Was never late.

Thou'rt Æolus,—in human limbs confined,
Cloud-gathering, as thy Father, in the skies,
Striding the Storm, and reining in the Wind,
Hurling the levin-brand amain to blind
Our eager eyes.

But be Thou Child of Earth or Air or Fire,
The Elements can rest,—the Tempests cease,—
And Heaven hath limits,—Zeus Himself can tire
Of emptying on earth his dregs of ire,—
Hast Thou no Peace?—

· · · · ·

Aye, verily—around some loved one's bed
Thou gatherest in the Dreams, where angels mourn,
And gently pillowing the drooping head
Thou lead'st him safe among the quiet dead
 Beyond the bourne.—

Aye, faithful Guide and Comforter Thou art,
Armed with credentials of Thy sacred troth,—
Then rest awhile, and play the better part
Of Peaceful Herald to my troubled heart
 While Fates are wroth.—

And so I hail Thee in thy blest Repose,
Waiting my time, Thou human Stay divine,—
Wait on in Hope ! the Omniscient Father knows
Through Thee the mighty gifts that He bestows
 Can yet be mine.

MOZART'S DEATH

"On December 4, 1791, he had the score of the Requiem brought to him in bed, and tried a passage, singing the alto himself, his brother-in-law Hofer took the tenor, and two others the soprano and bass, his wife also being present. When they got to the last bars of the 'Lacrimosa,' he suddenly felt that he could never finish it, and burst into tears. Even while dozing he puffed out his cheeks as if imitating the drums. Towards midnight he sat up, with his eyes fixed: then he appeared to fall asleep, and at one o'clock, A.M., he was gone.

"He died of malignant typhus fever. The service at his burial was held in the open air, as was the custom with the poorest class of funeral, and five stood round the bier. These five followed as far as the city gates, and then turned back as a most violent storm was raging, and the hearse went its way unaccompanied. Thus, without a note of music, forsaken by all he held dear, the remains of this 'Prince of harmony' were committed to the earth, not even in a grave of his own"—and so it is said "He had no Grave."—[*Dict. of Music.—Sir George Grove.*]

THE Soul sung its own Requiem in flight:—

The lowly room, the watchers four,—

He lays aside the unfinish'd score,—

His "Lacrimosa";—in the dead-still night

Sobb'd out the last few bars,—no more!

Great Prince of harmony and song!—and yet
A pauper's bier, no friend to care,
No music,—in the open air,—
Only the angry blast and hail-storm met
To clash wild funeral dirges there.

The spot, wherein thou liest, all unknown;—
The wingéd spirit hurried by,—
The very dust it could not lie
Out of soul-harmony:—no iron or stone
Can bar a God's Infinity.

Art thou then gone? and is thy place no more?
Thy Prophet-Chariot pass'd away,
My Father, to a fuller day?
No mantle left upon the silent shore
To part the waves for those who stay?—

If then the cloud of Ages hide thy dust,
'Tis but a little world,—a night
Lit by a ray of borrow'd light ;—
The Spirit-Life is here with larger trust,
And claims its own immortal right.

No “Lacrimosa” now :—one burst of Praise
The Hallelujahs, the New Song,
Ten thousand times ten thousand strong ;
The great Composer hears the perfect lays
His ear had waited for so long.

And these are ours,—’Tis an “unbroken law,”
The Maker’s Fiat from on high,
Vibrating through the Ether-sky,
His creature’s heart that beat, and eye that saw,
Make Music that can never die.

No grave for Thee :—for everywhere on Earth
Thou risest :—Aye, thou hast forerun
Thy Day,—for thee no set of sun :
The hour thou diedst, in thy Spirit's birth,
Then was thy greatest Work begun.

IN MEMORIAM

C. E.

WHO DIED APRIL 8, 1893

He used to sigh over the absence of sun in England, and immediately after his death, the bitter Easter that killed him was followed by a remarkably warm and bright Spring and Summer, with a blaze of blossom.

A YEAR of Sun, with its train of Light,
Life teeming rich with bounteous might,
Summer diadem, and crown of Spring,
Thick-set with jewels of flower and wing,—

Why hast thou taken the very One
Whose heart beat true to this joyous Sun ?

Why days of Colour in earth and sky,
A heaven below and a heaven on high,



C. Johnson, pinx.

Relaxur: uan Po n

Charles Earle, R. S

And an air that throbs with creative breath,
Whispering loud, "there is no Death,"
When he's gone,—and I've lost the very One
Who could read the lore of this mystic Sun ?

'Twas he who open'd my dull closed eye
To the lights of life I was passing by,
He stooped, and he touched with simple clay,
And I woke to a vision of perfect Day :—

Then why should I lose this Seeing One
Whose eagle soul could face the Sun ?

There would be no suns if there were no night,
But it can't be Shadow that makes the Light ;—
Can the eye see then thro' all distance clear,
The infinite Far the same as the Near ?—

Oh no !—I must weep that my only Sun
Has set long before his day was done.

Are the laws of Life and the laws of Love
So strangely balanced by Rights Above,
That the Giver is also the Taker of Light
And the Creature must share his Creator's might,—
For the Loved One's withdrawing my only Sun
When my joy of Life is just begun?—

.

Are these myriad jewels that gem the land
Uncared-for gifts from a spendthrift hand,
And the glorious Year of blaze and bloom
The irony of a spiteful doom?—
Nay!—I'll see in them all my only One,
And he walks with me still in the selfsame Sun.

THE APRIL OF BLOSSOM, 1893

C. E.

DIED APRIL 8TH

A MYRIAD blossoms over field and tree,—
And yet so many hearts are dull and grey ;
The face of Nature radiant with glee,
Yet Grief the Grandeur of our hearts to-day.

.
He felt but sunshine in an April sky,
The World was Beautiful in every dress,
No Glory without Clouds,—his happy eye
Greeted each changing form of Loveliness.

The blackthorn bloom was foaming o'er the brim,
The feast was set anew in every dell,
The bridal veil was lifted,—all for *him*,—
To catch once more the smiles he loved so well.

A thousand garlands, as "My Love" passed by,
By bounteous Hand were prodigally thrown
To make this Feast of Joy,—he knew not why,—
Too simple he to think it was his own.

And yet old cheery friends are sad and grey,
Still waters in their hearts are running deep,
His old Companions see no Spring to-day,
They think of April Snows,—and only weep.

But must the grey be grey for evermore?
No rift between the clouds for April Sun?
Faith's wide expanse of blue be clouded o'er,
And Hope die out before a day is done?

Not his the heart to brood in wintry gloom,
Not his the hand to drop in palsied guise,
His Love would step into a Brother's tomb
And work a miracle,—aye bid him rise.

O welcome then this bloom of early Spring,
These myriad blossoms over field and tree,
Welcome the Sunshine with the Clouds that bring
Sure promise of all ripened Fruit-to-be.

As long as blossoms cluster over field and tree,
They'll chant thy Requiem until Aprils end,
And sing thy certain Immortality,
Dear Nature-lover, Brother, Faithful Friend.

I N M E M O R I A M

SOME deathly lure entraps a Hero-crew,
Perchance a Siren's song, a vex'd sea's roll,
And then an Orpheus steers them safely through,
A human hand in touch with heavenly soul.

A storm of passion, or of anxious care,
Some deep-set sadness eating at the heart,
What magic healers Love and Beauty are,
If spirit guides the touch of human Art.

Some see a dreary wilderness ahead,
No fiery pillar gleams across their night,
No voice is heard, no call can wake their dead,
Sepulchral gloom has quenched the living light.

To some a power is given to bring to life,
Creative energies brood o'er their way,
They quicken into Peace a brother's strife,
A sister's tears their gentle word can stay.

And now this heart that felt, this seeing eye,
This hand that was in kindly grasp with all,
His quickening sympathies, that never die,
A loving Memory bids us to recall.

The golden dial on the tower grey,
The solemn bell vibrating overhead,
The lych-gate at the Church's entrance-way
That speaks of God's true rest for happy dead,

These are Love-tokens on our festal day,
We dedicate in memory of our Friend,¹
The tokens we know well shall pass away,
But his dear Love shall never have an end.—

¹ Sept. 30, 1894, when the clock was dedicated to the memory of Charles Earle; and the lych-gate opened, over which is written "Beati Mortui in Domino."

The good he did shall last,—no Time can mar
The monuments of his unselfish Love ;
The eye that caught Heaven's Beauty from afar
Now sees it perfect “face to face” above.

And so the tie of Brotherhood is fast,—
The Orpheus-soul still guides across the main—
All that is Good and Beautiful shall last ;
“Thy Brother”—so HE said—“shall live again.”

TO W. W. F.

(C. E.'S OLD BLIND FRIEND)

AND are thy blind eyes left alone to see,
And *his*, the Seer's, closed in one dark night?—
His seeing soul did whisper oft to thee
Of revelations of an inner light.

Thou call'st him "Brother,"—Brother staunch and
true,—
How often would he cheer thy sadden'd hour,—
His Love, a Guardian Angel sent to you
And *her*, such was his Friendship's blessed
power.

And art thou blind once more? all vision gone?

Thy frail hand feeling out for his in vain?

Twice lost thy precious eyes?—and left alone

Mournest for sight that cannot be again?

Then let the Healer, as he passes by,

Sigh one short Ephphatha in silent love,

“Be Open’d,”—let him touch thy longing eye

And bid the Light fall on thee from above.

Then shalt thou see in blindness all *he* sees,

The revelation shall be made all clear,

And thy old Friend shall show thee mysteries

Of the Far-off that he will bring so near.

“Let there be Light,” was the Creator’s word,

He willed no blindness :—Come, dear friend, and

see

What blind eyes oft have seen and deaf ears heard,

The fuller meaning of the old decree.

Hearts need not break, nought dies that once has been,
The Painter's soul is breathing at thy side
In glorious colour his great sunset scene,
His landscape so illimitably wide.

This Brother now we feel can bear the sight
Of glories that would blind our weaker eye ;
He hated darkness, now he walks in Light,
And throws no shadow as he passes by.

Dear friend, He's with us as we grope our way,
He sees the sights of the great sunny Land,
And now he knows the road of endless Day,
We'll let him lead us with his loving hand.

All this is Sight,—the touching of the Eye,—
The Master's miracle wrought o'er again,—
A Brother's love, a Brother's sympathy,
Lifting the veil, can make Faith's vision plain.

NARCISSUS;

OR,

“THE FLOWER THAT DIED BEFORE ITS DAY”

“NARCISSUS, sweet Narcissus, of our merry May !

Dost hear ?—Dost hear ?—”

[He listens to the Echo-cry, reverberating clear]

“Oh ! why not one of us ?—The Fool,—The Fool,—

The Fool !”

And all the while the River-God¹ is whispering in

his ear

“On, on !—why tarry gazing in the stagnant

pool ?”

“ He sees things upside down,”—and Echo jeers,

“ Reflected images of Life,—the *Man*,

¹ The old myths call him the son of the River-God Cephissus.

Who filled the ambrosial cup with childish tears
Before his feast of fuller love began."

'Away with such vain mockery!—I owe
Allegiance to a Nemesis Divine,—
I answer back, ye Oreads, ere I go,
My Beauty is of God,—'tis mine,—all mine.'

'Better to live with Self, if Self is strong,
Than wear out Time and Brain
With everlasting strain
Of a voluptuous Siren-Love;—
Better to live alone,—however long;
The Will that can refrain
Turns every loss to gain,
Firm in unbroken touch with God's above.'

And so, they say
In lore of mystic lay,
“The flower died before its day ;”¹—
Withered and drooping on its Mother’s breast,
It bent before the cruel Wind
The chaste white petals and the golden eye
Down down to their early rest ;—
Oh ! why was Nemesis unkind ?
“Oh why ?—Why ?—Why ?”
Too late this Echo-cry !—
Narcissus, sweet Narcissus, of our bitter May !

¹ The Narcissus flower was the emblem of early death.



NARCISSUS

From photograph of Antique Bronze by G. A. DEAN, Rugby.

“THE SWEET SOLITUDE OF TRUTH”

—EMERSON.

HERE comes one of “related” mind,
A friend of sympathetic soul ;
What ease, what comfort then I find,
He touches me and I am whole :—

No wear and strain, just quiet peace and rest,
The heart-blood gently coursing in the veins,—
This is the talisman that Friendship gives,
The one true Secret of the happiest lives,
No smile to-day, and stab to-morrow,
No Fortune-wheel of Joy and Sorrow ;—

Your mien and manner, even at their best,
And all your versatility of brains,
Are but a counterfeit, a sorry blind ;
You cannot trick me with that empty role,
So common ;—aye they come in crowds forsooth,—
But give *me* “The sweet Solitude of Truth.”

JONATHAN ;

OR,

“THE GOOD-GIFT”

I

“BEHIND THE VEIL”

HE gives His gifts with unseen hand
Unfettered by man’s code of narrow law,
“Behind the Veil,” he says, I stand
Anxious to proffer, ready to withdraw :—
I am whatever “hath been” or “shall be,”¹—
Whatever “is” I claim,—
He guides each shaft of possibility
With sure unerring aim.

¹ In an Egyptian Temple of Isis, there is this inscription :—
“I am whatever hath been, is, or shall be, and my veil hath no
man lifted.”

And no man lifts the Veil aside,
Each takes what he receives ;—
The bounteous hand that wills to hide
Just rustles in the leaves,—
A whisper in the passing wind,
Not anything to see,
No trace of Presence left behind,
No trace,—but it was HE.

The Sibyl vanishes :—the Friend is gone ;—
And must Thou read the riddle all alone ?

II

THE FRIENDSHIP

I GIVE thee all,—my garments and my sword,¹—
I give thee all,—my girdle and my bow ;—
Love knows no measure to meet out his word,—
The Kingdom gone, Thou art my kingdom now :²

¹ 1 Sam. xviii. 4.

² 1 Sam. xxiii. 17.

Soul knit with soul,
Friendship heart-whole ;
Swifter than eagle-wing, stronger than lion-thew,¹
What matters it to save by many or by few.²

This rock of Ezel³ in a desert land
Be witness that our Covenant shall stand,—
These trees of Ziph,⁴ whene'er thou passest by,
Be living proof that Friendship cannot die :—

Soul knit with soul,
Brothers heart-whole,—

Nature Herself hath set and sealed it as our due
That human troth thus plighted shall be ever true.

¹ 2 Sam. i. 23.

² 1 Sam. xiv. 6.

³ 1 Sam. xx. 19.

⁴ 1 Sam. xxiii. 14.

III

THE MADNESS AND THE MUSIC

THIS morn the winds broke loose in maddening fray,

In seething wrath the clouds rose up amain,

A Light of Darkness prisoned in the Day

Save where the levin split the world in twain,—

But o'er a deluged land

The Creator passed His hand,

Tracing His promise true

In lines of rainbow hue,

And now once more throughout the peaceful skies

There throb again His soft still Harmonies.

This morn an Evil Spirit burst control,¹

The fire of Madness seared a human brain,

My father in his agony of soul

Flashed javelin-lightning in a storm of pain,—

¹ 1 Sam. xviii. 10, 11.

But thou didst shake the wreath
Of lilies with thy breath,
Thy fingers smote along
The cithar-strings of song,
And now once more in his forgiving eyes
Spent Nature can attune her melodies.

IV

THE REVELATION OF LIFE

AND all this mighty power of Friend,—
Is this the end?—Is this the END?
Soul knit to soul, and then to sever,
Heart knit to heart, to part for ever!
The stone of Ezel, memory of distress,—
The wood of Ziph, mere waste and wilderness,—
Is this the last,
The Past all past?
Why call him “Gift-of-God” if the Creator’s love
Must rob a human friend to enrich the home above?

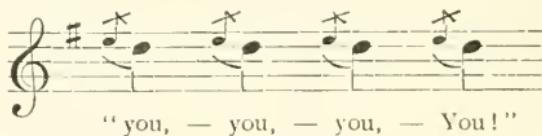
Thou GOD of Israel's King, arise,
Reveal Thyselv the Friend
Of Friends, shake off disguise,
That they may know the END.

And then there fell a ray across the sky
That touched all Life-strings into harmony,
The "has been," "is," and "shall be," all were one,
The Veil was raised, and tho' the Friend was gone,
Neither was alone.
Is it not written in "the Book of the Upright,"¹
"They walked as Friends for ever in the fields of
Light"?

¹ "Jasher" or "Upright," 2 Sam. i. 18.

TO PHILOMEL

WHO, AFTER REFUSING ME THIRTEEN SPRINGS, AT
LAST THIS YEAR HAS COME TO PAY A VISIT



Is it secret Joy or Grief of heart
That makes thy quivering bosom swell?
Did'st thou only learn Love's sadder part,
Love's Elegy,—as Poets tell?
And was thy Lover all untrue
Sweet Philomel? — I never knew.

In my olden days, in haunts of Home,
When flowers of Childhood brightest grew,
And the Mays were Summer, you would come
And colour all with radiant hue,—

And then spell-bound we stopt,—and said,
“Sweet Philomel, the Winter’s dead,
And it’s all you,—you,—you,—You !”

For thirteen years I waited long,
The garden-homes they all were mine,—
I tried to find in others’ song
Some melody of Love divine,—
But No!—I sighed for Philomel,
Through sunny copse and quiet dell,
Old friends returned, and new,—
But never you,—you,—you,—You !

.
And then a Sorrow-mist shut out the Day,
A dull grey cloud fell on my years of blue,
It seem’d all Night,—the year it had no May,
Grief filled my heart,—and then at last I hear
Once more the old, old note, so piercing clear,—
It was you,—you,—You !—I knew.

Oh ! is there then, dear Friend, in human tear,
Something that makes thy tender bosom swell
With Sympathy, that thou art come to-day
With sudden charm of long-expected lay
Thy Lover's broken heart to cheer ?

Sweet Philomel,

I cannot tell,—

But now Thou art again so near,

Oh stay, stay, stay,—

And make a Summer of this Winter-May !

What others fail to do

They leave for you,—you,—you,—You !

May 1899.

A THOUGHT ON RAPHAEL'S “VISION OF EZEKIEL”

THE Bull's unyielding force,—the Eagle's steady
soar,—

The Lion's quiet strength, —and mightiest of the Four,
Man, ministering,—listening his Maker's great behest
He folds in reverence his hands across his breast ;—
And the great Spirit-Power of Truth and Tenderness
By children's aid is holding up His arms to bless :—

A cloud of glory,—arch of dazzling bow,—
An amber mist suffus'd above, below,
An atmosphere of Music, myriad lays
Of myriad hosts in unison of praise,

Wings searching height and depth that never tire ;—
Verily, great Painter, thou hast caught the fire
Of the Prophet, thou hast seized the mystery
He handed on in Spirit-blaze to thee.

And is this Revelation only for the mind
Of wisest Sage ?—shall other loving ones be blind ?
Ezekiel-eyes have they alone the power to see ?
Or can the little child upon his bended knee
Lisping in broken accents of a mother's prayer,
On unseen wing rise through this canopy of air,
Even down here, under the oppressing weight of sin,
And take his place among the highest Cherubin ?

Power of Light, Power of Wing
There is no limit,—Everything
Can see, and rise
To the Father in the Skies.



VISION OF EZEKIEL.

From painting by RAPHAEL.

“THE FIRES THAT WITHIN
US BURN”

“POOR fellow ! Ah ! he’s mad !”—I hear them say :—
O child of thy own Mother-earth
Thou know’st thy Nature, thy true birth,
The Sun that lights thee, lights God’s mighty Day
With quickening Fires,—and what thou art, thou art
Simply from that pulsating Parent-Heart.

When Ocean is becalmed, no Life is there,—
The Queen of Night herself’s asleep,
Out o’er the great forsaken deep,
Death making vapour-shrouds of her pure Air ;
Then from the Sun-Gates leaps the tide amain,
And ships are in their haven safe again.

Bound with the winter frost the Forest's dumb ;
Young Spring is wooing,—but no word
Of suitor-welcome can be heard ;—
At last a freshening whisper, “ He is come ; ”
It is the Sun-God with awakening breeze
Loosening the tongue of those still voiceless trees.

There are no Flats ;—the mountains raise their head,
The throbbing Fire-heart beats below ;
The very hills they come and go,
They recognise no state that men call “ dead ” :—
Oh ! breathe, Great Power, thy energising Will,
Show forth Thyself the same Creator still.

And is man mad because he frets and tires,
And struggles at the shackling bar
Which keeps him from the great Afar,
His heart aglow with these undying Fires ?—
“ Make him in Our Own Image,” Thou didst say,
Thou God of Ever, not of yesterday.

"I bring not Peace," He said,—the ideal Man,—
And yet He came in simplest guise
Nature's true pattern, gentle, wise,
To seal the Father's one eternal plan,
That Life once born, because it's Life, must grow,—
The God Above become the Man Below.

Yes, Life is Life, if surging tides can flow,
Spirit of God among the seas!—
Spirit of God among the trees,
Death will be Death, unless the winds can blow!—
Man is his Father's child,—he's only Thine,
His madness but the heat of Fire Divine.

Hail then all ecstasies!—the Life entire!
If Joy,—I'll shout a hearty Yea,
If Grief,—I'll breathe no heartless Nay,—
Hail Altar lit with this undying Fire,
I fall before thee, God and Man are one,—
Such Light falls on me from this central Sun!

A VISIT TO MR. RUSKIN

AFTER A STORM OVER CONISTON "OLD MAN"

AN evening's peace followed a battling morn,
The lower clouds were softly heavenwards drawn,
And on the "Old Man's" head the rugged line
 Of mountain fell was gone,
 The rock and sky were one,
And Nature's face all patient and divine.

So in an old man's happy home that day
The storm of fighting years had passed away,
The eve was mellowed with the gentlest powers
 Of another life begun,
 And the undying Sun
With lingering ray lit up the Evening hours.

Firm-set the brow,—the feature-lines rough hewn,
Like his own native boulders wildly strewn,—
So grandly still,—only a welcome word
 So loving and so low,
 The Prophet down below
Echoing the higher Voices that he heard.

And yet our eyes were wakened to some Dawn,
Quicken a Morning sky,—and upwards borne,
The rays flashed out with strange vitality,
 They leapt the bourne of Night,
 And a new path of sight
Led up the steeps of Immortality.

Thus Truth is seen and known,—not in the haze
Of distant worlds, but on the trodden ways
Of simple life,—where contact with a Soul,
 More than the learned page
 Of Philosopher and Sage,
Quiets the heart and makes the vision whole,

TO JOHN GILBERT

ON RECEIPT OF THE COPY HE MADE ME OF HIS OWN
PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER

He hoped I "should be satisfied, as he was tired out and wanted leisure." It was about the last bit of work he did. The picture overlooks my working chair, and this was the chair she worked in all her life.

WORK on!—Forget the trying now and NEVER,
Believe in being that which will endure :
That Mother-smile can only speak of EVER,
She's telling us the Promise is so sure.

Ah yes ! quite "satisfied"!—in quiet wonder
I now recall so many words you said,
"There is no death to part us two asunder,
There is no knowing what we mean by 'dead.'"

For fifteen years through many a working hour,
I've tried to realise that you were gone,
“Gone,” yes, and often said so, but no power
Can make me feel that I am left alone.

And so you're come to give one more assurance,
To see how children's work is being done,
To strengthen effort and to bless endurance ;
A Mother's smile is helpful to her son.

The Master said, “There's only One who's good,”
And what He said, that surely must be true,
But yet I never rightly understood
What perfect Goodness could have lack'd in you.

Work on!—and all the time you're there behind me
The smile will fall on your old busy chair,
And over faults and failures you'll remind me
With Spirit-whisper that a Mother's there,

Among the schoolboy lesson books, and letters,
Just where the pulse of young life hourly throbs,
A Mother's love to link in unseen fetters
The Grief and Joy, the Laughter and the Sobs.

And so I bless an old Friend's work of kindness,
Aye bless his loving thought and cunning hand,
That clears my eye once more of its own blindness,
And helps my heart to better understand,

That still in man our God is all-creating,
His Spirit brooding o'er the canvass thread,
The very colours at our will are waiting
Like Angels with a message from the dead.

And so God bless the workman's late-earn'd leisure,
His hand may tire from all the work it's done,
But heart and soul must find the sweetest pleasure
In bringing back a Mother to her son.

C L Y T I E

“ THOU Lord of Light and Life, Below, —
Out in the deep interminable Vast
Thy rays seem lost in such a widening love
That I kneel sorrowing o'er a sunless Past :

“ Pour down thyself, grant me thy fuller ray,
O touch this votive heart with newer fire,
Let not Night's envy rob us of thy Day,
Be prodigal,—bestow thy gift entire.”

The glory darkened o'er the western sea,
The gold and purple turned to dullest grey,
His mantle fell on Night and not on me,—
Alone upon the altar steps I lay.

The Star of Evening rose :—the silver flood
Ghost-like crept landwards to my very feet,
The life of Night was quicken'd where I stood,
The host above made answer clear and sweet.

“ The Darkness glories in revealing Light,
For Life were Death, if Death should lose her
sway,
The Sun-God sinks to scale the greater height,
His best gift is to give himself away.

“ Thou hast full measure of the Heaven-lit spark,
No dewdrop but reflects a perfect Sun,
Go lose thyself in Duty’s evening dark,
And thou wilt find that Day and Night are one.

“ Suns set,—and all is darkness where they rose,
But yet each Sun-flower bows in fullest blaze ;
Years end,—and life is drawing to a close,
But yet the Light-God leads to endless days.”



CLYTIE.

*From the picture by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., by permission
of The Fine Art Society.*

LUX EX LUCE

UNFATHOMED Light, the source of Life unknown,
Who comprehends how far he must be blind?—
The endless worlds out in the ether strewn
Can all be measured by the human mind,
Counted and named,—but who can understand
What further gift is in the Almighty's hand.

Light without worlds at present has no voice,
Light only speaks through some material guise,
Each form unfolding at its Maker's choice
The phase of Deity that hidden lies.

In tempest-cloud, in sunset on the seas,
In break of wave, Light-pictures we may find,
But then the Image surface-set on these,
Can veil in part the God that stands behind.

Not so with Man,—his soul more deeply ray'd,
Receptive of more effluence from above,
The Self-Divine in fuller truth display'd
Can flood with stronger Light,—the Light of Love:—
“In His own Image” with inherent grace,
God is transparent in the human face.

And so we live expectant of some Power,
To be developed at the Creator's word,—
Dull skies may herald in this brighter hour
And from the cloud a clearer Voice be heard,—

Some not far-distant day,
Some new and inner ray,
A Light from out of Light
That needs another sight,
A Love that He alone can give,
A Life that Man alone can live.

THE BURDEN THAT GROWS

GIVE me but Strength, more Strength !—The Omnipotent knows

I will be thankful, if the Burden grows ;
No resting here ;—it matters not how great
The mass that threatens,—the increasing weight
Shall be a Glory, not an aching Care,—

Give me but Strength to bear.

Out, out to sea ! far on the unknown main,
No shifting wind shall bring me back again ;
Strange deeps ahead, the Heavens my only chart,
Fiercer the tempest, steadier beats the heart ;
Let but the bark be strong, we want no more,—

No helmsman hugs the shore.

“ Pain of the World ! ” there ever must be pain,
True Life throbs quicker from the constant strain ;
Taste but the Joy of reaching out afar,
And none will claim a Haven where they are ;—
He only finds it grievous to endure
Who knows he is not sure.

Bearing a World ! may we not claim Christ’s Right,
And set no bounds to Faith’s assuréd Might ?
Calm in the knowledge that the thing *must* be
Why rob ourselves of half our Destiny ?—
Nay, let it grow,—and block my way to Heaven
If but the Strength be given !

“ HOW LONG ? HOW LONG ? ”

(*All Heroes' Day*, 1897)

“ How long ? How long ? ” they say,—
Fight and wrestle and pray ;
 Be Hero, be King,
 Make the big world ring
With Glory for many a day ;
 The Lord of Light
 Is the Lord of Fight,
And ours no mortal fray.

“ How long ? ”—what matters how long,
If we're all one Throng, one Throng,—
 It's not just the one
 When Duty's done,

It's the all together, the Throng,
Each for the other,
Sister and brother,
The common tie,—so strong.

It's the million suns alway,
Not the May-fly ghost of a day,
Or the midge of an hour ;—
Man in his Power !—
And is Man thus “ passing away ” ?
Aye, higher and higher
Drawn by the fire
Of the Home-eternal ray !

And is there no calm on the deep ?
Must the wrack for ever sweep ?
No haven of rest
Tho' you've done the best,—

Not a woman's heart to weep?—
Father of Heroes-to-be
Gotten to follow thee,
Would'st thou have thy children sleep?

"How long?"—Thou child of the Sun,
Thou doer of work never done,
See the Throng, see the Throng!
See the brand passed along
From the one to the other,—all one;
Child of the Fire,
When wilt thou tire?—
When the Empyrean is won!

THE UNVEILING OF ARNOLD'S BUST AT RUGBY

(IN MEMORIAM, FEBRUARY 8, 1897)

UP in the higher snows,—where I could trace
The scars and outline of the mountain-face,—
A Titan-rock, majestic, clear, alone,
Resting, as if its mountain-work were done.—

Down in the lower vale,—the Giant form
Was veiled in mists from some far-gathering storm ;
I looked, and now no trace of scar was there,
Only a glimmer, through the upper air,

Of some faint track,—half earth, it seem'd, half sky,—
No resting-place, that drew the entrancéd eye
On ever on to some ethereal blue ;—
A God stays not,—His work is ever new.



THOMAS ARNOLD.

From the sculpture by A. GILBERT, R.A.

Photographed by G. A. DEAN, Rugby.

We stand by Titans, and we think we know,
And trace the scars upon their weather'd brow,
And say we see their stature, till we find
That in the nearer glare our eyes were blind.

Then in the eve of day we look again,
Up from the vale of years, through cloud and rain,
And lo ! the Man a God ! whom we call'd "friend,"—
A life's Beginning, which we thought an End.

So if in Nature's realm the law hold true
That "distance lends enchantment to the view,"
Let Man draw nearer Man, and with true eye
See Gods in our great Giants, ere they die.

SUN AND RAIN

(IN MEMORY OF A MOUNTAIN WALK)

SOMETIMES mists blind us on the mountain-brow,—
The sheep are oxen, and the hooded crow
An eagle,—then we see all clear again ;—
What tricks the hills play with the Sun and Rain !

Sometimes we see through cloud-rifts in the night,—
There opens out a track of distant light,
A mystery of beauty,—all unclear
And far,—and yet we think of it as near.

The near and far, the far and near, all seem
The nightmare of a waking morning-dream ;
Oh eye and mind, oh head and whirling brain,
What tricks our hearts play with the Sun and Rain !

We look down vistas, and we heave a sigh,
We turn round corners with an anxious eye,—
There is no Present ;—no, it's come and gone,—
The Sun is on us ere the Rain is done.

Against all hope we hope ;—it is so sweet
To feel a sunbeam just across our feet ;
And eyes are fools that into distance strain ;
Oh how we cheat ourselves with Sun and Rain !

Why see exactly all there is to see,
And so forestall our Immortality ?—
Catch the bright colours in the passing Rain
Before the Sun has time to hide again.

I mused ;—while hard at play my little boy
Lay strewn with daisies :—better share the joy
Of children's lives around you than the pain
Of settling which is Sunshine, which is Rain.

“FOR GOOD”

A STORM broke loose upon the wide, wide sea,
Before the little fishing-fleet was back ;
The waves ran mountain high
Up to the tempest-sky ;
At home the women moaned that cruel wrack ;—
Yet one, he sang “For Good” right cheerily.

Up on the mountain fell, a cotter poor,
Belated in the snows has lost her way ;
Death-like an icy pall
Has fallen and shrouded all ;—
Yet Robin sings at home his “Well-a-day”
Just for the tiny crumb outside her door.

Sad gatherings along the silent street,
The deep bell tolls its muffled "one-by-one";
 "The sun has fled the sky,"
Sobs out each passer-by
"Our only stay! O God! he's lost and gone!"—
"I am the Life," chimed in a note so sweet.

Storm, snow, and death, all vied in rival harm,
And yet the doom-cloud threw a chequer'd light;
 "For Good," and "Well-a-day,"
 "I am the Life," all say;
"For Good;"—Hope's star out in the darkening
night;—
"For Good,"—her talisman and safest charm.

SOUND VIBRATING INTO SIGHT

(*On seeing waves of sound drawn in figures by the sensitive needle of the Harmonograph*)

EARS a'seeing, eyes a'hearing,
Mind and Soul their vision clearing,
Every sense, that was in thrall,
Free, unfetter'd, all in all,—
Spirit-Power, here it is !
Plain as God in Paradise
 In the cool of day.

Sound the note, and eyes shall see it,
Flash the ray, and ears shall hear it,
Spirit at the warp and weft,
Spider never half so deft,

Perfect, tho' in myriad guise ;—
Is it God in Paradise
Come with us to stay ?

Veils are rent with sights a'breaking
On the ear from trance awaking ;—
Trees of Life for ever grow,—
Sow the seed, and who can know
What shall from the ground arise
If our God in Paradise
Meets us on the way.—

World of Beauty, self-revealing,
Man no longer need be stealing
From the stores of Jove above,
For our God in larger love
Sights the ears and tunes the eyes,
So that in our Paradise
Man has God-like sway.

Let the birds sing out their praises,
Insect-wings dance out their mazes,
Song vibrating into sight,
Music taking shape in light ;—
Man is Lord of Harmonies !
Man the God of Paradise !
And He should lead the lay.—

“ PEACE, PERFECT PEACE ”¹

IN MEMORIAM, WARNEFORD GORDON MOFFATT,

Jan. 30, 1898

WAKE HIM !—wake HIM !—the Master is asleep !

Careth He not we perish on the deep ?

Waves leaping mountain-high,

Wrack carried heaven-high !

“ Peace,—Peace ”——HE is there.

Wake him !—wake him !—The brother is asleep !

Careth he not for loving hearts that weep ?

Floods in each trancéd eye,

Storms in each choking sigh !

“ Peace,—Peace ”——he is there.

¹ Sung in Bilton Chapel, *Feb. 2, 1898.*

“ Peace,” MASTER!——I see Thee in the storm
The floodgates open, and Thou walkest through ;
I bow in silence at Thy passing Form,—
Thy Power is Peace, Thy word for ever true.

“ Peace,” Brother!——the storm’s still on the main !
But see ! he wakes, and bids our tempest cease,
The Life-gates open, and there’s Light again !—
Thou too can’t speak His word of “ Perfect
Peace.”



GORDON MOFFAT'S GRAVE.

Dunchurch, Warwickshire.

SHADOW AND SUN

IN MEMORIAM

Feb. 2, 1898

(*A morning specially marked by Cloud and Sunshine*)

WHICH was Shadow,—and which was Sun,—
When childhood's race was first begun,
Who thought?—who cared?—we rush'd to play
And loved to laugh the rain away,—
 And there were no cloudy skies.—
And now tho' we look with a Mother's eyes
 On the child that is dead
 And the light that is fled,—
Which is Shadow,—and which is Sun,—
We still can say the two are one.

Cloud and Sunlight in hot haste pursuing
Follow on so fast, when Life is Doing,—
Tears and Laughter in a Rain-bow sky,
How in the Gleam and Mist they hurry by!—

Hand in hand they run
Shadow and Sun,
And now tho' we look with a Father's eyes
We cannot see it otherwise, —
For it's Love that makes them one.

So the Father and Mother are bright and strong,
Tho' the shadows of life are falling long ;
For the Cloud that came over the midday glare,
That Cloud is a Presence everywhere,
And It's leading them on,—in the Sun,—
Where the Fire and the Cloud are One :—
 Oh the Parents' eyes
 Are but April skies
 And each rain-drop a perfect Sun.

THUNDER OR ANGEL ?

Feb. 2, 1898

"The people said that it thundered, but some said that an Angel spake."—

HE that hath ears let him hear, and he that hath
eyes let him see,

But our senses are dull or clear, very much as we
will them to be;—

Was it Thunder roaring loud and near,
Or did an Angel speak to me?

A gnat's plume quivering shrill, or the clangor of
stars unheard,

Strange cries in the silence still, that a mote in the
sunbeam has stirr'd,—

Is it Thunder booming around the hill
Or an Angel's gentle word?

Spring with its chorus of song, a Summer of music
and mirth,

And Nature's throes so strong, that the Spirits have
come to the birth,—

Is it all the din of a jostling throng,
Or an Angel singing on Earth ?

Can you trace to its source the Light, can you prove
that there is a Sun ?

Is it all by muscle and might, that the giant deeds
are done ?

Or is there a way through the maze aright
When the Angel leads you alone ?

The Sage with his knitted brow, and his furrow'd
cheek and sigh,

Fights on with the Phantom 'How,' and girds at the
Ghostly 'Why,'

While the Child that can hear no Thunder now
Lies still, with an Angel by.

There are those who love to lie in the glare of the
levin-brand,

And the wrack of the Thunder-sky seems to rise at
their own command ;

They see but a Shadow passing by,
And they miss the Angel's hand.

But the eyes that pierce the cloud, and the ears that
fathom the deep,

Tho' around a rioting crowd breaks into the quiet
of sleep,

These amid the thunder of laughter loud
Can hear if the Angels weep.

Oh ! then for the simple lore, Life's quiet Summer-
day,

When instead of the Thunder-roar you can hear what
the Angels say,—

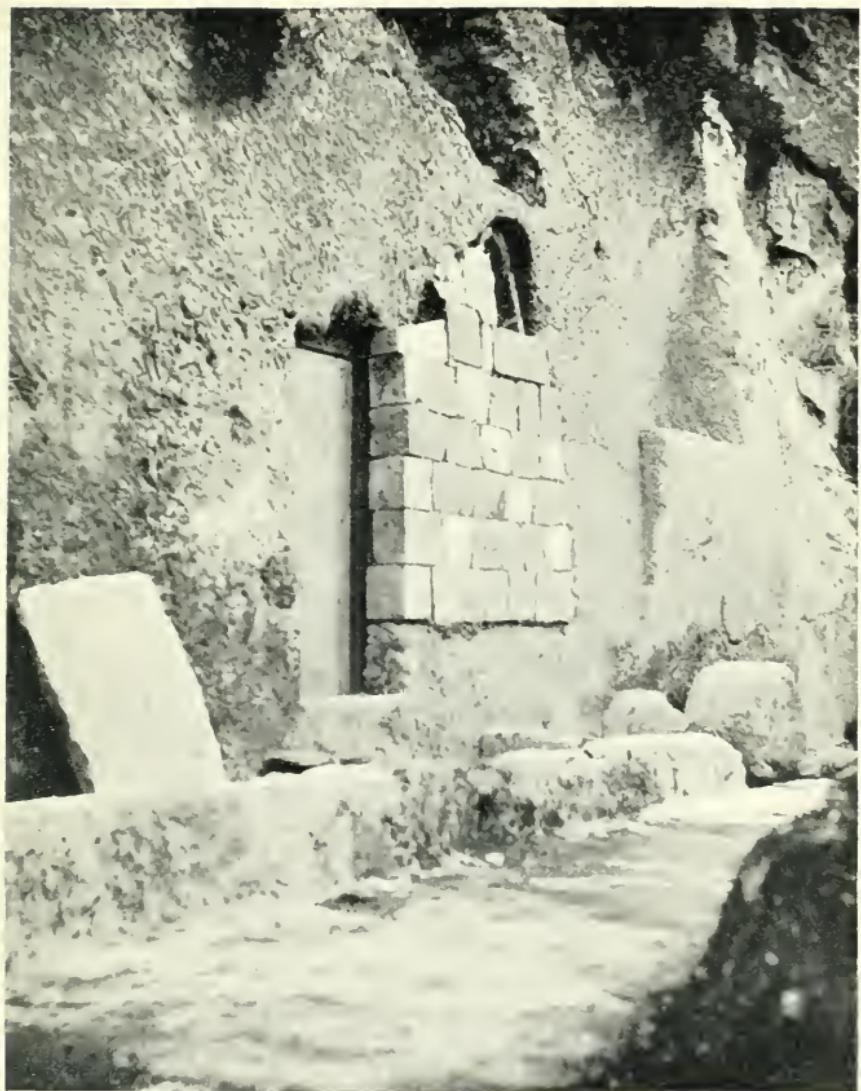
And the message of Love they brought before
Is the message they bring to-day.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

“The Empty tomb where The Saviour lay”

So they say,—
But is it the gloom
Of the *Empty* Tomb,
Or the bright Presence that we feel
Here by our side intense and real?

Lord of the Living Dead,
We lowly bow the head,
No Emptiness to-day,—heart, eye, and brain
O'erwrought no longer can the Flood contain ;—
High Tide and a Rising Sun,—both meet
In a path of Glory at our feet ;



HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

January 6, 1898.

Death opening out illimitable Sight
And all the Worlds encompassed by this Light !

'There is no gloom,
No Empty Tomb.

“WIFE, WIFE, IT'S A BIG LIFE,
BUT WE NEEDN'T FEAR”

LIFE's iron bars gave way,
Earth's prison-house was gone,—
A morn of eternal Day,
And the Sun how large it shone !

But, Wife, Wife,
It cost a LIFE,
When that was done.

The shackled limbs felt out
Into space divinely free,
So amazed, they fain would doubt
Their wondrous liberty !—

But, Wife, Wife,
It cost a LIFE
For you and me.

What a distance we call ‘Near !’—
Ether-Oceans ;—who could say,
When the Far-off is the ‘Here,’
Where the living limits lay ?

Ah ! Wife, Wife,
It takes a life
To know the way.

There’s breaking on this shore
Such a tide from horizons far ;
See, it rises more and more,
Till it blinds the Pilot-Star !

Oh ! Wife, Wife,
It takes a life
To find the bar.

We’re getting on in years,
We’re growing beyond the clay,

Outside all doubts and fears ;
And yet, if we're asked to stay,

Oh ! Wife, Wife,
It takes a life

To learn the ' Nay.' —

Shall we rest on what has been,
Shall we muse on what may be,
And dazed with the Hermon-sheen
Build 'tabernacles three' ?

Nay, Wife, Wife,
There is no life,
If that's to be.

So we'll fight till the bars give way,
Till the iron-Earth is gone,—
And then,—the eternal Day ;—
And then,—the work is done ;

Oh ! Wife, Wife,
It's all life,—
And a rising Sun.

We can reach out in the dark,
We can feel and know all there,—
You may call it only a Spark,
But it’s a Sun of Light down here ;

Ah ! Wife, Wife,
It’s a big life,—

But we needn’t fear.

ALONE, AT THE OLD FAMILY
GRAVES

HIGH ONGAR CHURCHYARD,

Jan. 13, 1899

SOME say their MIND a Kingdom is
Full-thronged with ruling influences
That court a gentle sway
And lovingly obey ;—
I know it not ;—
But yet I wot
That tho' my Mind a barren Desert be,
And I the only one
Stand here alone,—alone,—

My HEART, inspired by living Memory
Calls up the Spirits of the Age gone by,—
And in allegiance firm and true
All, all the loving ones who knew,
Seem to stretch forth a welcome hand,
And in the old familiar land
Would crown me King of their Society.

DE PROFUNDIS

I

THE STORM AND THE REFUGE

ALL Storm-Cloud——not a ray of Light—
Thou art supreme, thou maddening Wind !
With all this wreckage of the Night
Thy Fury suits my troubled mind :—
Rage on,—rage on,—blast follows blast ;—
Can nought escape this Ill ?

Yes,—in the Spirit-ether of the Inner Life
There are vibrations free from Tempest-strife,
That flow from God to Man so silently
The heart alone can hear the harmony,—
And There,—There—the Storm has past,—

THERE . . . All is still.
82

II

THE DARKNESS AND THE SEEING

LONG, long Day of darkest NIGHT

Cloud on cloud shuts out all Light,—

There is no Seeing !

The bones lie bleached all motionless and
dead,

My closéd eye can trace no Hope ahead ;

But, O good Lord, create in me the Being !—

Yes,—a Desert Death-like land

Barren flat and blinding Sand

But oh the Seeing !—

In serried rank alive the corpses rise,

No miracle to his wide-opening eyes,

For the great Poet-Prophet had the Being.

III

THE AGONY AND THE RELIEF

SPIRIT-METAL in this Living Air,
The Great Creator made it not to wear
And waste corroded by some earthly Care. ——

If thou hast Pain,
Strive might and main,
"Tis not true courage to be torn in twain,
When a Remedy is found ;—

But, if there be no Cure,
And thou must still endure,
Aye, if He comes, the mighty Devil,
Himself in charge of his own Evil,
And the Good Gon (Who will'd it not)
Refuse to avert the cruel lot, ——

Then 'tis given
To a child of Heaven

To starve the Devil that has trod
So ruthlessly upon the sod
Of that once-Sacred Ground ;

Aye, we'll fill this Living Air
With arrow-flights of keenest prayer,
So thick that there shall be no room
For foot of this Invader's doom.

There is a Human Love that struggles night and day,
Undaunted most when most unequal is the fray.
The purified mind
Such strength can find,
It stamps the Hydra-headed Lust,
That shrieks 'I will, I must,'
Into its own pools of gore and crimson'd dust.—

And then the uplifted eye can see
Mercy, the compassionate Deity,

Who knew the agony and strife
Was for a dearly ransom'd life,
Yearning to come
To the old Home.—

And in the End, that curse of Sin,
In seeming guise triumphant, shall not win.—

Yea more, there shall be Joy, in Earth as well as
Heaven,
Tho' drown'd in floods of seething tears
And wreck'd in agonising fears,
A cry of Peace shall rise across the silenced Sea
Before they reach the Haven where they long
to be,
And then at last they'll learn how much can be
forgiven.

IV

FAITH IN LIFE'S SILENT EVOLUTION

Sow the seed, and let it grow,
Let the plant absorb the Light,
Leave it,—wait,—thyself forego,
Trust no miracle of sight ;—
Believe the One Reality
And HE will shew Himself in Thee.

Seed and blossom all in one,
Yielding fruit in truest kind,
Nothing lives a life alone,
Trust no subtle force of mind ;—
Believe the One Eternity,
And then HE must be all in thee.

Let the Heat expand the Being,
Opening all the pores of Soul,—

Self, withdrawing, joys at seeing

He can occupy the whole ;—

Believe the One Omnipotence.

There is no power but from Thence.—

This Life then rightly can be called a Dream

And in the Vision we awake to see ;

Keep only Silence, and He will not seem

An Unknown God who hides Himself from thee :—

Let Storm-clouds fill the sky,

Unmoved He standeth by ;

"Tis not for thee to bid the tumult cease,

Be still,—and listen to his Word of Peace.

V

THE FAR AND THE NEAR SIGHT OF
YOUTH AND AGE

Y. LONG, long distant sight !
 What matters it how far
 May be yon guiding star
 Out in the winter night :—
My throbbing heart can never measure time,
My pulse beats quicker on a higher clime ;
I know the power of unerring Truth,
 The Great Omniscient cannot stay
 For finite man to grope his way ;
I have the Immortality of Youth.

A. The Summer day is late,
 All seems so near
 And the Vision clear,
 I'll lay me down and wait :—
I lose the wide Infinitude of Space,
The Eternal Presence fills this lonely place.—

The love reveal'd to childlike mind
That thou art wearying to find
HE loves to be outpouring now,
 All of His Own dower,
 Not through my own power,—
I need but reverently bow :—
O smooth thy furrow'd brow, impatient sage,
And learn the Immortality of Age.

Y. O Father, let me rest awhile with thee,
Thou hast the Vision that I long to see.

VI

GRIEF IS GRANDEUR IN DISGUISE

THE mists droop down before our eyes,
The clouds swoop near and low,
And thus we clearly know
Heaven's disguise ;—
Through the shadow and shroud
Of the mist and the cloud
We can see our Immortality.

Leave us God's great Surprise,—
Leave us alone to grieve,—
Thus only we believe
Grandeur's disguise ;—
Through the sobs and the tears
Disappointments and fears
We lay hold of Immortality.—

Aye Youth and Age can arise,
In the power of Grief's disguise
And claim their Immortality.

“THROUGH THE WAVES OF THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD”

A PARABLE

ON the deep,—on the rocks,—adrift,—
And the Heavens they will not lift,—

O GOD ! is Thy hand not free ?

The waves break in so fast,—
The frail ship cannot last !

Oh is there no GOD of the sea ?

Ocean and Sky and Cloud,
And the storm-blast roaring loud
As it ploughs the abyss below,
Nothing but blinding scud,
And the dull repeated thud
Of the rock-fiend’s fatal blow.

Up to the Heaven lost,
Down in the mid-depth lost,
 Air and Ocean's pitiless war ;
Blinded,—she sees the flash,
Deafened,—she hears the crash,—
 And there is but a floating spar.

.
The mad convulsion is o'er,
The Heavens can fight no more,
 The Spirit of the Air is dead ;
Far away on the heaving main,
Can it be there is light again ?—
 And she clings to the rafter-head :

Yes !—a hope on the skirts of the sky !—
One more grip,—and a deep-drawn sigh,—
 A sail !—a sail !——shall she leap ?
Oh the agony to think,—
Strike out, or wait and sink
 In the grave of a merciless deep ?—

Some whisper was it,—so low?
She paused,—she seem'd to know
 The Gleam that passed over the wave ;
And a strength and a will were given
To that soul that was cleft and riven,
 And a faith in a Power to save.

There she waits,—quietly on that deep,—
Peacefully, as in a sleep ;
 The heart that had failed beats fast,—
No trance,—and now so clear,
The Life-sail full-set is near ;—
 It has come !—— It has come, at last !

D R E A M S

“ Wherever light and life are spread we live,
Life's mighty angels ; but to man it seems,
With blind hands clutching light, and finding none
That we are nothing, and he calls us dreams.”

—E. THRING.

“ BLUR not the Dream :—dream true, dream
true ;”—

Wait on, wait on,—live out the whole,—
No iron bars can cage the soul

That once has caught the entrancing view.

They read each other's brain and heart,
True livers,—therefore hand in hand
They pass into the better land
And in the second life ne'er part.

Rains never wet their Dreamland way,
Frosts never chill the passer-by,
Suns never dazzle aching eye,
The thousand years can be a day.

We have no words in Dreamland lore,
The Fairy Prince is childhood's guess,
We have no voice, but none the less
We tell the love we felt before.

Judge not the life by what it seems,
Who knows but what some passing strain
That now makes discord in the brain
May make sweet music in our Dreams?

We call him 'mad,'—perhaps he sees
And hears a little more than we,—
Suppose he's Dreaming, and can see
Real men instead of walking trees.

Go fold thy arms, and Dream anew ;
The warmth that draws our weak desire
Is not the spark of lasting fire ;—
GOD make, dear Friend, thy Dreaming true.

Dream on, dream true ;—no hope forlorn,—
The little gnat, the little grit,
The little mote,—what matters it ?
We'll laugh the passing aches to scorn.

Dream true,—that so in waking hour
In full contentment, either heart
May trust the other's better part,
And learn true Friendship's secret power.

“WAS IT ALL A DREAM THAT DAY?”

OR,

NATURE'S AWAKENING

(*A Memory of a May-day at Lynmouth*)

A GOLDEN morning in May,
And a blue haze everywhere,
 The Sea and the Sky all one,
 And the hills halfway to the Sun ;
Surely the God was there !——
 But they say
 It was all a Dream that day.

A bluebell mist over the brae
Just dropt from the lap of the sky,
 98

And the silver and gold in the trees
All jewel and pearl in the breeze ; .
Surely the God went by !——
But they say
It was all a Dream that day.

Light broke with intenser ray,
Through the veil it pierced so clear,
Some Eye seem'd to search me through,
And the yearning it all came true ;
For the God, I am sure, was near !——
But they say
It was only a Dream that day.

And then some one led the way
Up steps to the Gate of the Sun,
Oh the form is fresh in my mind
As I still seem to follow behind ;
Surely the God was the One !——
But they say
It was all a Dream that day.

Whether it were a Dream, or nay,

• I'm supposed not to understand,

 But the eye it saw the sight

 In the fuller revealéd light

Of the God in His own Home-land!——

Will you say

It was all a Dream that day?

Ah! I'm tearing the veils away,

For the Day is at hand at last

 When the soul will leap higher and higher,

 The Spark to its Parent-Fire,

And the wide abyss will be past!——

Then say what you may,

There'll be no more Dreams that Day!

THE HONESTY OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP

‘I AM’—It is the Almighty Father’s Name,
All else may change, HE ever is the same ;—
And Man by right of Son-ship claims his due
That Friendship in this Family be true :
Nothing lies hidden from a true Friend’s eyes,
The best, the worst, all on the surface lies.

Ape the ‘I AM’ among thy so-called friends,
But verily thou wilt not gain thy ends,
For Honesty is writ upon the face
So clear that Fraud soon finds its proper place.—
A Dial in the Shade that tells no hour
Altho’ a blaze of Sun is in the sky
Is waste of metal, vain pretence of power
That mocks the poor deluded passer-by.

Truth knows what satisfies,—she wants not much,—
The thought, the glance, the present Spirit-touch,
The rest, the peace, where Silence is enough,—
Away with glittering show, unmeaning stuff,
The bauble and the tinsel and the dress,
The weary weight of vapid nothingness.—
My Friend is true,—the ‘I AM’ in his soul
 Like Nature is divine, simple and free
 And this transparent bit of Honesty
Is all we live for,—but we want it whole.

TO ONE WHO SEES A VIRTUE IN BEING
“ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN”

A SHIP aground, no sign of land or sky,
Each roaring breaker foaming in apace ;—
So man imprison'd in mortal life may lie
Open to all wild storms of Destiny :
His stout heart leaps,—he sees God face to face,
And cares not if he die.

Far better thus to ride the blast and main
Than watch mock-heavens in a painted deep,—
Better to hope, and hope,—though all in vain,—
Than lie becalmed upon a Lethe-plain
Of Self-content, in sensuous dream asleep
Never to wake again.

“ All things to all men ” easy-goers say,—
Tame Love that never felt the Spirit-Fire
Or Spirit-Gale, that never pierced its way
Through cloud and tempest to a further Day ;
Poor Dove, of weakest wing, it feared to tire
And in the Sun-flood lay.—

Life undisturbed ! Aye, level, flat, and dead,
God in wild Nature only a green field,
Spirit in Art a geometric thread . . .
Or jangling rhyme ;—Go rest that empty head,
It never knew the Powers man can wield
By stronger Influence led.

Blow hot or cold,—discern the false and true,—
Call Fool a Fool,—better to have one friend
Whose sterling worth you've tested through and
through

Than talk vain platitudes of softest hue
To please the many,—when the very End
 Of Life's great one-Act Play,
 Of Life's great trysting-Day,
Is in our closest View.

M O L L Y

WHICH had the HIGHER Nature?—You or I?—
I knew,—but yet with your clear wistful eye
 You gazed,—and almost made me doubt, Molly;

“A part of dumb creation,”—so they say,—
And yet that eye talked Truth to me all day;
You knew my thoughts,—some bond of sympathy
Kept life in touch between yourself and me;
‘Friend and Companion,’ ever staunch to one,
Your Master had no chance to stray alone;
Gentle and patient, faithful to a folly,—

Which had the TRUER Nature?—You or I?—
I know,—and, now you’re gone, that wistful eye
 Seems gazing still,—and leaves no doubt, Molly.



MOLLY.

From photograph by A. H. FRY, Brighton.

WRITTEN IN A BOY'S BIBLE
AT BILTON

"LET THE OLD CUSTOMS PREVAIL"

'CURSED is he who moves the landmark on our
ground,'

So said the Law, by the great Moses given ;
And, by experience, our wise forefathers found
Respect for this a blessing straight from Heaven.

The Law was Law, the man who breaks shall surely
die,

They knew a righteous anger in those days,
The Prophet spake the Word so unmistakably,

'He is the greatest Master, who obeys.'—

But now, they say, pull up the landmarks of the past,
Not to originate is dull and flat,
Self first, and then self next, self anything but last,—
And Reverence!—we cannot bow to *that*.

‘God out of date,’—‘old-fashioned habits obsolete!’
Oh if thy little eye and littler brain
Could see a yard or two (no more) before thy feet,
Grandeur and Nothingness would be more plain.

Why miss the mightiness of MAN?—the Dignity
That feels it is allowed to raise its brow
And having gazed into the Great Infinity
Then to look back and find It *here* and *now*.

Keep open wide the Book of Life,—there’s nothing
stale
In Revelation, that like Nature thrives,
Let good old ways and good old common sense pre-
vail,
And so make strong thine own and others’ lives.

'Our Life is but a span,' a wise old writer says,
But adds, remember, 'Every inch enjoy,'—
If thou would'st be a MAN, and happy end thy days.
Honour the good old customs as a Boy.

THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART
‘THERE IS NO GOD’

BRAIN,—Brain,—anthropomorphic Brain,
With reflex, complex, involuted strain !
My ravelled nerve has fully worked it out,
At last I know, and say without a doubt
 There is no GOD.—

I've traced all back to one great Primal Cause,
The Embryo life, Nature's fixed code of Laws,—
Science and Art, each Power my willing thrall,
One stream of Essence, all,—I see it all,
 There is no GOD.

The Glorious Majesty of Self entire
Lights up the Bush with such a blaze of fire,
There is no Other on my holy ground,—
Why take my shoes off?—why? — when I have
 found
There is no GOD.

Mind read the riddle with complacent smile,
Eye answer'd mind,—the wide wide world the while
Was blotted out,—no Voice,—no desert cry,
Only the Self-contained Self-centered “I,”
 Without a GOD.

• • • • •

And then came rushing to my arms my child
That scarce could lisp its trouble,—wild
With its new sorrow,—could not tell a lie,
Sobbing to *me*, the Self-absorbéd “I,”
 Who had no GOD.

I could not minister to that child's heart,
I could but act a silent helpless part,
With all my stock of well-definéd lore
I stopped,—I stagger'd at the thought once more,—
 Is there a GOD?

The still small Voice would not be hush'd—*forsooth*
“From children's mouths Thou hast revealéd
Truth”;

O Mighty Man, thy mind a Kingdom is,
But shut not out the King from what is His!

 Is there no God?—

I bow'd my head,—I felt it ease to bow,—
It seem'd so giant-great to be so low,—
The wide world opened,—and,—another view!
The “I” was gone,—and everywhere I knew
 There *is* a God.

F A I T H

ST. MATTHEW ix. 2, &c.

““T^HY sins be all forgiven,”—hear’s^t thou what He
says?

Who can believe this Prophet’s blasphemous com-
mand?

“Take up thy bed and walk,”—to that no man would
raise

A doubt or contradiction, all could understand ;
And yet the Nazarene declares these two the same ;
Such then the creed of those who follow in His Name.’

• • • • •
And so they quibbled, Lawyer, Scribe, and Pharisee ;—
One doctrine false, because they were not practised
in it,—

The other true, because their eye was used to see
A thousand things a hundred times a minute.

How shalt thou then discern false Articles from true?
Why, learned Scribe (He told thee), practise His
Will and do;
What we keep doing, that will ever be our Creed,
No mass of Dogma can outweigh one honest Deed:
It needs no Sage with rare acumen to be showing
Faith comes by *daily Habits*, not by clever Knowing.

‘JOVE NODS TO JOVE’

(WRITTEN INSIDE A SHAKSPEARE)

WHEN the God-inspired Poet dies,
He drops his mantle from the skies,
 And then, away afar,
 Borne in a fiery car,
He soars away—away!—so very far away!

And then some Body with a Mind
Picks up the robe he left behind,—
 ‘Just see what I have found
 Upon the common ground,—
What marvel this?’ says he, in his simple ecstasy.

'And is this mantle to be mine,
Material and shape divine,
All wonderfully wrought
In gold and silver thought,
With such imaginative light, shot in so bright?'

And jealously he takes and hoards -
The robe between two leather boards,
Labelled, upon his shelf,
With photographs and delf;—
Is it all one and the same,—the Poet and his
Name?

Oh how the Heaven-ascended god
To his fellow deities must nod,
When he looks down and finds
These naked earthly minds
Donning a Soul-below's cast-off and ancient clothes !

Which is the Soul and which the Leather,—
Who knows when both are bound together?
And which is Essence pure?
Can no one here be sure
Till he leaves earth and flies,—up to the Poet's skies?

Aye, it takes another kindred soul
To see in the two a perfect whole,
And then the Spirits meet
In full communion sweet,
And the songs he sung below are the same he's
singing now.

So the good old Poets are always here,
And the books they live in are very dear,
And tho' they're in the sky,
They're on my shelf close by,
And may all that in them was Divine,—live on as
mine.

OLD ‘DÆDALUS’

(*A sunny day in late Autumn*)

TIME works with cunning at his silent Art,
 Perfecting in disguise the human will,
Powers so free, each plays the other’s part,
 Good impulse often counterfeiting ill ;—
 There were no shadow but for Light,
 No stars in Heaven but for Night.—

The burning Frost, the Sun’s Ice-building ray,
 The fairy-finger’d Architects of Earth,
In adamantine might and yet at play,
 Each gently tendering another’s worth ;—
 All different from what they seem !
 And where’s the Life without the Dream ?—

Death's icy finger touches tree and flower,
And all the golden glories are ablaze ;
Each heart that aches can find a living power
In the quiet passing of the Autumn days ;—
There's the sweetest smile on the last Good-
bye,
And a loosen'd cord that's a closer tie.—

Tho' western clouds may threaten our To-morrow
The Day is lavish of its present Sun,
All Joy must have its evening mist of Sorrow,
Sorrow and Joy in fullest Life are one :—
Aye, the noonday shadows are short and
fleet,
And the ground all sunshine under our
feet ;—
Old Time, he seems for ever at play,
And he works his best on a sunny day.

THE SWALLOWS' PARTING SONG

(GREAT YELDHAM GARDEN)

WHY linger round the Old Church and its eaves,
Why loiter over pools and dying leaves?—

Further a'sky, further a'sea,
Wings can fly, if wills are free.

The willow-herb has shed its feather-seeds,
The last dead lily lies upon the weeds;—

Further a'sky to deeper blue,
Winds are ours, if hearts are true.

The iris-sheath has loosed its coral-string,
The bee rests laden with its drooping wing;—
Further a'sea, further a'sky,
There's a faith in the far that brings it nigh.

The autumn gale has wreck'd our home of clay
Under the gable roof ;—why longer stay ?—
 Sunshine for cloud, and joy for sorrow,
The South of to-day is the North of to-morrow.

No longer now the moor-hen's flashing eye
Peeps sentry to her brood of nestlings by,
And the ring-dove mourns, as he preens his wing,
That the Autumn is not a second Spring ;—
 The wider the sea, the clearer the view,
We can feel in our wings the distant blue.

The Autumn is dying, the Summer is dead,
The last leaf is quivering over our head ;
 Wing to wing, and feather to feather,
On the aspen bough in a row together,
Plighting a troth that nothing can sever ;—
A spirit is calling us down the breeze
To a longer day beyond the seas ;

Further a'south, further a'sky,
Where the summer sun is ever high ;
Further a'sky, further a'sea,
Wings can fly if wills are free.



THE SWALLOWS' SONG.

(*Great Yeldham Rectory, Essex.*)

From painting by CHARLES EARLE, R.I.

SUNSHINE

PSALMIST, ‘I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills’

or

POET, “Love is of the vale.”

‘LIFT up your eyes unto the hills’ you say,—

Nay, “love is of the vale” sang he,—

The cold hills gather cloud, their heads are grey,—

‘The vale clear open to the sea.

I ‘looked unto the hills,— a chilly mist

Lay on their breast, a day of Night;—

I looked into the vale,—a sun-ray kist

Her bosom, and it flush’d with light.

And then the Sun burst forth,—the hills stood out
Highroads to heaven through the sky ;
Look upwards to them ! Poet, face about !
Thou must re-write thy poetry.

Aye, Love is of the hills ;—the streams of light
Are flooding downwards from above,—
'Help cometh thence,' he says,—the Psalmist's right,
He found the highest road of Love.

PENNEL, *September 8, 1897.*

SUGGESTED BY AN INCIDENT ON THE
QUAY AT ST. IVES AT SUNSET

August 1896

(*Loquitur BLIND OLD DANIEL THE WATCHMAKER*)

“My sight is gone,—my spirit has fled,
My sun is set,—I would I were dead,
I see no light where sinks yon Western ray,
My day is Night,—I have no heart to stay”—
What *sadder* cry? and yet his soul was free,
Large wide and open as that Western Sea.

.
The Sun has fallen in the West,
And tired eye can take its rest,
But the soul,—the soul is free,—
And the mind,—it still can see

The purple and red and transparent green
Breaking in silver with chequered sheen,
And the spray-flecks veiling the dazzling floor
Where Light has emptied her ample store ;—

The Sky and the Sea,

In harmony !

And the flood of joy they pour !

The Sun has set, but the Spirit is there
In the common light and the common air,
With electric touch they love to play,
Turning the Night into endless Day,—
And it all comes back at the fancy's will,
We felt it then, and we feel it still ;—
What *happier* cry, that our soul is free
Large wide and open as that Western Sea ?—

And suns keep setting on wearied eyes
Amid the *sadder* and *happier* cries ;—

Sorrow and Joy. Shadow and Sun,
Fate gives you both tho' you ask for one ;
With a chequer'd light and a patined floor
The Less so often disguises the More :—
Aye, Sorrow is Joy,—when the soul is free
Large, wide and open as that Western Sea.

THE CAGED SONGSTER

FREE, Free :—out in the woods so free !
Free Air, free Love, free Minstrelsy ! .
The very winds make harmony ;
 The cloud, it only veil'd the summer ray,
 The rain, it only cool'd the summer day ;—
Nothing but what was young and free !—

The Bird sought out a garden nigh ;—
Why not a home so handy by
Where fruit and flower gladden eye ?—
 Free life was gone :—and now a cage's door
 Narrows the wide wide wander-flight of
 yore ;—
Poor spirit-songster ! must it die ?—

There came a kindred soul, so dear
With gentle look allaying fear ;
Trust welcomes Trust approaching near ;
The throbbing breast is still, the wild-bird scares
Are quieted, when ‘some one really cares’ ;—
'Twas Home, and not a prison drear,—

‘The bird is loth to sing,’ they said,
‘When we come by, it hangs its head
And cares not to be comforted’ :—
A kind step came,—alone, quite quite alone,—
A voice the bird could feel its very own ;
The Soul awoke that they call’d dead :

And then it sang so free so free,
Snatches of its old Minstrelsy,
Wild thoughts of brae and moorland lea ;
But only to One that cagéd bird would sing,
And then its heart was light as feather’d wing,
It knew full well true Sympathy.

“EPHPHATHA”

HAVE they no speech the glass and wood and stone,
Have they no life the water, lime, and clay,—
Building with hands, a whim of man alone,
Dumb shadows thrown across a winter day?—

Ephphatha!—hear the gentle sigh,—
Ephphatha!—how the voices cry!

The infant’s star that twinkles in the night,
The air and ocean measured by our ken,
Are these the limits for the Lords of Light,
Are these the tether of Immortal Men?—

Ephphatha!—’tis but a sigh,—
And the Infinite opens on high.

In mind and heart in every throb and nerve
Who knows what latent senses there may be,
Each dull perception some ethereal verve,
The 'as we're seen' the climax of 'we see';

Ephphatha!—did'st thou hear the sigh?—
'Twas the Great Prophet passing by.

Strange arrows shot afar by giant hand,
Unuttered words deep hidden in the brain,
Unshapen thoughts, and dreams of Wonderland,
Like summer seeds that wait the autumn rain;—

Ephphatha!—didst thou hear the sigh?—
'Twas the Giver of Life's inspiring cry.

He's breathing on the Autumn of our year,
See tongues of fire run loose in myriad guise;
Nature attent,—the world must stoop to hear
When God is walking in His Paradise;—

Ephphatha! only a whisper'd sigh!
But it opens the ears of Earth and Sky.

Wist ye how near the Wonder-worker came,
Laying His hand upon His fellow-men?—
Then listen, each one,—deaf and blind and lame,
Who knows the ‘may-be,’ who can tell the ‘when’?—
Ephphatha! ’tis the Healer’s sigh,—
Shall we feel It as He passes by?

R E S T

"Perfect Rest in Perfect Work, that surely is the Rest of the Happy."—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SPIRITS of God that rend the trees,
Spirits of God that lash the seas
And roll the Starry galaxies.
O shake¹ us all to-day !

Your energies are ours on earth,
You breathe on us from early birth,
Through you we gain all life is worth,
We are Spirit-born to-day.

• • • • •
Lord of never-resting Light
Reaching with unmeasured sight
Every depth and every height,—
The Blind shall see to-day !

¹ Haggai ii. 6, 7.
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Thoughts, too quick for human sound,
Circuiting through common ground,
Flash their Ether-orbits round,—
The Deaf shall hear to-day !

Tongues of Fire, with endless cries,
Joy and Laughter, tears and sighs,
Singing, shouting Christmas-wise,—
The Dumb shall speak to-day !

Toiling in the ever-noon,
With thy staff and sandal shoon,
Palmer, thou shalt find Him soon,—
The lame shall walk to-day !

.
And is this Christmas-Rest below,
This strain of everlasting “Now,”
This crown of sweat-drops on the brow?—
Aye, ‘I bring not Peace, but a Sword.’

For the Christmas-Child is the Father's Son,
And the Father's work is never done,
And the Vine and the Branch, He said, were One ;
Aye, He smites with His two-edged Word !

Such is the Mystery of Life,—
Father, Mother, Husband, Wife,—
And the children kiss in the Babel-strife,
And there's Rest in the Christmas-Home.

So the gale runs riot on the deep,
And as far as you see steep follows steep,
Yet withal He gives His Belovéd sleep,
And there's Peace in each Christmas-Home.

BILTON GRANGE,
Christmas Day, 1897.

“ W H Y ? ”

No sunbeam pierces to the Ocean-bed,
A crushing weight of waters overhead,
 Yet form and splendour infinite,
 With grace and beauty exquisite :—
 And all this hidden from man’s eye !—
 Can’t tell me WHY?

A flood of Light bursts o’er the desert-isle,
Skies woo the forest with enchanting smile,
 Strange insects raid on fruit and flower,
 Beasts wanton in each dainty bower :—
 And not a loving step comes by !—
 Can’t tell me WHY?

Suns beyond suns, vast galaxies of light,
Infinitudes defying mortal sight,
Vistas of starry hosts that make
The human brain with madness ache :—
Yet none who scale those heights on high !—
Can'st tell me WHY ?

And then I wandered down a lonely dale
Where, in a thicket hid, a Nightingale
Sang out with such consummate art
As if he'd burst his lavish heart :—
And only some few bluebells by !—
Can'st tell me WHY ?—

Aye, selfish Man, in lowly reverence bow,
Are there no others save the I and Thou ?
No other eye, no other heart,
No other mind, to play its part

Of joyous Love and Ecstasy
In God's world-wide Community?—
Myriads, outside the Thou and I,
Can tell thee "WHY."

CHARACTER

PART I

DEAD FLATS

DEDICATED TO A VERY ORDINARY MORTAL

WILD Sea,—wild wind,—wild rock,—wild storm,—
The world all hurricane and ‘go,’—
And yet you’d rather be a worm
On the flats!——it’s easier so!

You see out in the ether-skies
Suns leap and plunge in fearless roar,
Yet if the ground begins to rise
You sit and gasp “No more”!

Suppose some giants try to place
An Ossa on a Pelion,
You'd rather have all commonplace
And nothing going on.

A bit of grit, that whets the saws,
A twist, a knot, a crooked shape,
You hate them all,—only because
You measure with a tape.

They can't take in, those narrow eyes
Of yours, a creature oddly grown,
You'd have each friend the selfsame size,
And that size just your own.

A world of dolls and nothingness,
Of heartless self and parrot chat ;—
Better be in a Wilderness
And die,—than live like that !

If Life down here's a dreamy Sleep,
To wake just when we 'cross the bar,'
Better launch at once into the Deep,
And find out what we are.

But I'm inclined to think, my friend,
It's wiser not to wait for that,—
If you can't begin until you end,
Life's a contradiction flat.

No, No!—we're chips of Mother Earth,
'That world of hurricane and 'go,'
She starts us well in a higher birth,
And she scorns 'dead flats' below.

PART II

LIVING POWERS

DEDICATED TO A VERY UN-ORDINARY MORTAL

“Wild Sea,—wild Wind,—wild Rock,—wild Storm”

PICTURING Heaven's face below,

Constant in ebb and flow,

Same near and far ;——

That's what the SEA can do,

That's what I think of you,

That's what you are.

Clearing the dead away,

Bringing fresh life each day,

Making men strong ;——

That's what the WIND can do,

That's just the work for you,

All your life long.

Child of Earth's Fire and Air,
Out in the Tempest-wear,
Scorning the blast ;——
That's what the Rock can be,
That's what you'll be to me,
Proof to the last.

Startling the fogs to death,
Cleansing man's daily breath,
Peace in the end ;——
That's what the STORM can do,
That's what I think of you,
Faithful true Friend.

Powers so wild and free
Shaping life perfectly
To its full worth ;——
That's what the World can do,
That's what I find in you,
Child of the Earth.

A SCHOOLBOY'S HERO;

OR,

"THE HERO WITHOUT THE HEROICS"

RUGBY, *June 24, 1899*

No civic crown upon his brow,
No purple robe, no sceptre wand,
No sword of office in his hand,—
Plain,—in ordinary dress,—
A Man, with woman's tenderness,
Who spake the Truth, who did the Right,
And fought himself "the world-old fight,"¹—
A schoolboy all his life,—Our Hero now!

¹ "What are you here at school for but to be training for a big fight,—a fight which will last all your lives,—the world-old fight of Christ against the Devil."—T. H. *Sunday Evening Address at Rugby, Feb. 8, 1891.*

He looked not out with ever-waiting eyes,
Like warder on some long beleagured wall :—
The safer Caution willing to despise
Rather than miss some unexpected call,
He struck the blow and counted not the cost,
He won the battle though it went for lost,—
So great his love for every brother-man,
'I will' with him would ever mean 'I can.'—

He saw the man in every weaker boy,
No metal could ring true without alloy ;—
Survivor of the fittest,—How?
By recognising others' meed,—
None knew who did the kindly deed—
By lifting those who fell,—
When none stood by to tell,—
Not he the one to claim a due,
He just believed his God was true ;—
'Tom,'—nothing more in life,—Our Hero now!

“Hats off!”—Each British schoolboy lowly bow!—
No need to search the empyrean far,
The light has reached us from the distant star,
Seek to the utmost ends of Earth no more,
The greatest Glory lies at our own door,
True Honour his who in the glare of light
Steers straight ahead and simply does the Right,
Each Duty-doer in a lowly sphere
Can find the Future *now*, the Distant *near*,—
Such is His teaching, His true British lore,
The code for our old England’s Evermore;—
“Hats off!”—each boy and girl must lowly bow,—
A schoolboy all his life,—Our Hero now!



TOM HUGHES.

From the sculpture by T. BROCK, R.A.

Photographed by G. A. DEAN, Rugby.

IN MEMORY OF THE DIAMOND
JUBILEE

A BOY'S SONG FOR JUNE 22ND, 1897

Boys of mighty England,—Hurrah !
Boys of merrie England,—Hurrah !
'Tis the Queen's Day !
'Tis the World's Day !
'Tis the LORD's Day !—Hurrah !

Boom the cannon, clash the bells,
Blaze the beacons on the fells,
Tongues of iron, hearts of steel,
Tell it, ring it, peal on peal ;

Tongues of fire, leap and cry,
Flag and banner, flout the sky ;
Britain's chorus, British lung,—
Be the mighty Anthem sung !

“ GOD bless our gracious Queen.”

There's no room for cloud or sorrow,
Day of days that has no morrow ;
Let the cup of Joy run o'er,
Never such a Day before.
Grudge no limit to our Gladness,
Once let Mirth be joined with Madness !
Boys !—Our Queen has won the Day !
Sixtieth Anniversary !

Thoughts of chequered life must rise
In our Lady's heart alway,
But there's laughter in her eyes
As she bids the Grief-flood stay :

Wife and Mother, full of love,
With her soul in lives above,
With her heart down here to-day,
Strong to walk in Duty's way.

Empress of the rising East,
Queen of never-setting West,
All your children, greatest, least,
Loyal, loving, bring their best:—
In the annals of our time,
Never Sun of any clime
Shone on such Imperial Grace,
As our Royal Mother's face.

Make our joy thy radiant crown,—
Make our happiness Thine Own,—
Blesséd, till thou end'st thy reign
And thy Greater King again
Free thee from a Kingdom's care,
est of Home with Him to share.

Boys, of our Great Britain's school,
Boys, who boast of English rule,
Strong of limb and stout of heart,
Do your duty, play your part,—
Myriad-throated, shout and cry,
Let the Memory never die.

’Tis the Queen’s Day !

’Tis the World’s Day !

’Tis the LORD’s Day !

Boys ! our Queen has won the Day !

Glorious Anniversary !

BILTON GRANGE,

June 22, 1897.

AN ANNIVERSARY

WHAT?—measuring by Years
All the laughter and the tears,
As returns this Autumn-day !

What a little way we see
In true life's Entirety
On an Anniversary !

Count the rain-drops as they fall,
And the sand-grains,—count them all,—
All the motes in sunbeams glancing,
All the lights o'er oceans dancing ;
Unit-days are myriad-years
'Midst the laughter and the tears.

There's no measure for it, Friend ;
Death is Life without its end :
 Hearts must feel it in this way
 On an Anniversary ;
Hopes that shape the truest being,
Dreams that wake in clearest seeing,
Faith that saves by ever spending,
Always giving, never lending ;
There's no day or year for this,
'Was' is 'will be,' 'will be' 'is' :—
 Aye, how little Time appears,
 In the laughter and the tears !

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY;"

OR,

LIGHT AND LIFE

OH the wear and the tear and the agony and strife !

Philosopher and Sage

In many a learned page

Have turned their Reason inside out

And vexed their righteous souls about

All the wear and the tear and the mystery of Life.——

Why 'many returns of the Year'

With the distance all so near

And the Future 'Now' and 'Here'?

If Life is Light

There is no Night,

One Day all bright and clear.——

There's no measure on Life's dial,
There's no hand to mark Life's year,
Hearts throb only in the trial
Of the moment that is here.

One more Year, or one more Morrow,
One more Morrow, or To-day,
Life's the round of Joy and Sorrow,
Which is which it's hard to say :

Shadows racing up the hill,
Sunlight in hot haste pursuing,
Tears and Laughter, Good and Ill,
Follow fast, when Life is Doing ;
Hand in hand they love to run,
Shadow intercepting Sun.—

Call it Birthday,
Call it Deathday,
Those the Gods love find both one ;
Day of Life, that's never done !

Why preen your wings for some great flight
Away across the Years-to-be,

When at your feet a flood of Light
Reveals the world you have to see?—
When Angels wait at your door,
And Heaven-on-Earth is your store,
Why be looking for more?

Suns ne'er reach us that are burning,
Suns are dead that yet give Light,
Talk no more of 'Days returning,'
Talk no more of Death and Night:
Light for ever on its way,
Life that knows no break-of-day,
Birthday one meridian long,
'Light and Life' the Birthday song.

A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT

"The perfecting of Life under very ordinary circumstances, is true heroism."

No lightest leaf is quivering on the tree,
Thou Power Divine, but is instinct with Thee,—
I gaze on worlds, and systems without end,
With aching brow, and on my knees I bend
Before Thee, in the hollow of Whose hand
The leaf and myriad suns alike can stand ;
I bow in reverence, Thou art all in all,
My life true freedom, if I am Thy thrall.—

I watched a wavelet widen on a pool,
A ripple caught by passing breeze,—no more ;—
But yet it stirred a deeper thought, to school
Me in my learning of a happier lore.

And then an autumn leaf fell fluttering down,
So still, just to repair Spring's April loan,
Lost, as I said, in pile of russet brown ;—
And yet the Mother claimed it as her own.

Then Robin joined with note of sweet refrain,
Piping to see my summer garden dying,
'Another mourner's voice !' said I again,—
But in his rosy breast where was the sighing ?

The shadows fell,—away in ether space
A star peeped forth out of the myriad host,
To lighten up the evening's darkening face,
For fear one grain of sky-dust should be lost :—

And all these *common* :—Yes, the leaf's decay,
The bird's November note, the nameless star,
The passing ripple,—things of every day,
All close at hand, mere echoes of the Far.

Then grant, Great Power, that each returning year
The widening lines of Far may grow more *near*:
A Birthday can but speak of growth anew,
The Deathday of the coarser Nature's thew,—
A nascent Death, which after all is Birth,—
When the Light-messages keep reaching Earth
With radiance from the Father's watchful face,
Reflections (as He said) of Childhood's grace,
Now falling on the perfect mind and soul,
So that what was “in-part” is now the “whole.”
Grant then To-day the “knowing as I'm known,”
The Birthday I call mine, make it Thine Own.



THE THROSTLE'S SONG.

From photograph by G. A. DEAN, Rugby.

A THROSTLE'S APRIL SONG

HAPPY Sprite, up on the height,

Sing apace, sing apace !

The celandine

May veil in green

Her starry face :—

But you !—you ! sing apace

Up on the height, height, height, height !

All your might, all your might ;—do it, do it, do it !

Never tire, never tire,

While the showers

On the flowers

Set the gorse on fire :—

Never tire, never tire,

Dawn till night ;—do it, do it, do it, do it !

It's all you, all you ; cheery and bright, cheery and
bright ;

Sing away, sing away,

April rains

Hang pearl-drop chains

On the star-wort spray ;—

Sing away, all day,

Over the blue, under the blue,—so bright, so bright.

All so new, all so true ! It's you, you, you !

Never so gay as to-day,

Crests of white

And foaming light

From the blackthorn brae,

And a rainbow ray

In the dew, in the dew,—all you ! you ! you !

Hearts so light, so light,—so true, true, true !

Never die, never die,

Silver sheen

On holly green

And a bluebell sky ;—
You and I, You and I,
Such a delight!—delight—we two, two, two!

Do it, do it, do it!—Be quick, quick, quick!
Over again, over again,
Repeat, repeat
Clear and sweet,
Your true heart's beat;
We twain,
In the jewel-rain
And the daisy-lane,—
No alarm
To break the charm
Of Nature's calm ;—

True to it, true to it, true to it!—Quick, quick!

Quick, Quick!

CHRISTMAS-MORNING NEWS

“ Old Tunes are the sweetest
And old Friends the surest.”

‘ CHIRRUP — Chirrup — Chirrup ’ — the same monotonous note !

Just a ball of brown feathers under the bough

Outside the frosted window-pane,—

The voice so common, the bird so plain ;—

And where’s the News that can touch my heart now?—

‘ Chirrup — Chirrup — Chirrup ’ — so dull, and you
pipe it by rote !——

“ I’ve none other song to-day to sing,

And it’s Love and Life and Everything.”

‘ Twinkle — Twinkle — Twinkle ’ — and only one uniform light !

And you are all so alike, that you weary the eye ;—

Break forth, I pray, little morning Star,
O break from the depths of your infinite
Far

With a newer ray in our Christmas sky !

‘News — News — News’ on a Heavenly-Morn so
bright! —

“There is but one song Below and Above,
And there’s Everything in it, Life and Love.”

‘Ding-dong — Ding-dong — Ding-dong’ — the same
ring just as before !

And the Mist and the Tower are both so grey,
And the stones of the Church are all so old,
Why ! their own very end seems being
tolled ! —

And have *ye* nothing new for my Christmas Day,
Old Stones, old Bell? — can *ye* say no more? —

“We’ve none other song to-day to sing,
For it’s Life and Love and Everything.”

‘ Merry Christmas Day ! ’—’Tis the song of the Bird,
And the light of the Star, and the chime of the
Bell !—

Be up then and tune your heart, I say,
To join in your joyous part to-day ;
‘ Merry Christmas Day ! ’—and your ear will tell
It’s the newest news that can ever be heard ;—
For it’s all one song Below and Above,
And there’s Everything in it, Life and Love.

A BIRD'S TEA-PARTY

A SCENE IN MR. FOX'S GARDEN

FALMOUTH, *April 20, 1897*

HE whistled his Friends
From the Garden ends
With every kindly cry,
'Ox-eye, ox-eye, ox-eye,'
'Whew, whew, whew,'
'You, you, you,'
'Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Crumbs, crumbs to eat';—
Such a fluttering by
From the garden ends
Of the tiny trusting Friends :—

They knew his voice, and they loved their home,
And they felt what was his was all their own,
And their heart's big enough to understand
That they're safe as they sit on his gentle hand.—

What songs without end
Are yours, my Friend,
Now the April shower's falling,
Why you needn't be calling
The birds any more,—
They'll sit by the score
At your garden door,
A feathery Throng
In chorus of song,
Cantata, ballads and glees,
And any solo you please,
With all the spring fashions of wedding-dress,
The brides in their sober loveliness,
And their lords so gay in helmet and plume,—
Your only want will be—Garden room !

Oh there's Heart in Feather and Fur,
And there's Joy in Blossom and Tree,
If Man would himself bestir
To a fuller sympathy !
But the Voices of Beast and Bird,-
With the music soft and sweet,
In the noise of life aren't heard,
Tho' they're here at our very feet !—

Oh ! whistle your Friends
From the garden ends,
' Whew, whew, whew,'
' You, you, you,'
' Sweet, sweet, sweet '—
Outside in the street
It's a *Winter* Day,—
But here—it's *May*.

EVIE AND HER PIGEON

IT lay among pots on the roofage old,
Not covered with silver or feathers of gold,
A simple bird that knew no fear,
And it came and whisper'd in Evie's ear.

Did it choose the child for her golden hair?
Could it read the lines in a face that was fair?
I know not,—but when her step drew near,
The bird came and whisper'd in Evie's ear.

'Twas the natural child and the natural bird,
With their silent voices that cannot be heard,
Of fearless trust and simplest love,
Just Evie alone with herself and the dove.



EVIE AND THE PIGEON.

Oh for child-like trust and whispers true,
And the Ephphatha-sighs of the passing few !
These loosen the string, and the tongue is free,
And the miracle's worked so silently !—

There's a Dove that comes when a child is near,
There's a Spirit that breathes in an innocent ear,
It has no feathers of silver or gold,
But It sighs the sigh that HE sighed of old.

A GODLIKE HEART

"A Godlike heart in a Human frame means many big palpitations."

" If you're anxious to run your orbit's track
Straight through to its perihelion,
Stick Pelion up on Olympus' back
And Ossa on top of Pelion."

So the ancients sang in their quaint old way,
For the same old Sun was shining,
And they knew then, what we know to-day,
'Clouds haven't much silver-lining.'

You try to filch,—for your neighbour's gain,—
Jove's Bryant and May's best matches,—
You're in for a rock and an iron chain,
And a Vulture's claw and scratches.

If you're still resolved among Gods to be,
They're down on you somewhat harder,
You must off with your flesh, Man, cap-à-pie,
And try life as a 'skinny cicada.'

Should you think of taking a Goddess as wife,
They'll treat you as poor Ixion,
Make you cycle up mountains all your life
On an A-pneumatic iron.

Oh ! the Gods are hard ;—if you get up there
The Olympians charge very dearly ;
I'm inclined to think you're better down here,
Tho' the life's not terrestrial merely.

After all, Down Below is Up Above,
It's "the lane that has no turning,"
And the Heavenly Spark in Human Love,
Once alight, will go on burning.

It's Eden again, with the Paradise-Wood,
And Adam mad over the Apple,
A case of "be Gods, knowing evil and good,"
And the old Serpent's devilish grapple.—

You may think it all out, but you'll find it the same,
After all your best cogitations,
A Godlike heart in a Human frame
Means many big palpitations.

Well then make the best of every worst,
And when friends do nothing but blunder,
Just see that your Soul don't let your heart burst
And split Friendship's bonds asunder.

THE THISTLE

A FLOWER'S PLEA FOR A RIGHT APPRECIATION OF
COLOUR

BLUE and purple and silver-grey,
A Thistle grew by a common way ;—
The everyday things that lie at our feet
It takes a soul to know they're sweet :—
This blue and purple and silver-grey
She found it “out of the common way.”—

The Flower-Spirit was lurking by,
It watched her flash of thought and eye
(My lady was not of the common kind,
She had grown a soul inside her mind),
And I heard It whisper with half a sigh,
“ If we came across this more frequently !—

Oh the purples and blues and silver-greys,
Distorted and spoilt ten thousand ways,
So many strut on and pass us by,
We little Flowers can't make out Why
These women, who think so much of 'I,'
Can get themselves up such a terrible guy!—
Poor purple and blue and silver-grey,
No wonder the colours 'run away'!"

TO G——

ON PAINTING HER OWN PORTRAIT

ONE shadow-line, one faintest curve,
And then,—thou'l catch the spirit-verve,
The character of a soul?—
Nay, nay, 'tis all in vain.

However deft thy finger-art,
Thou canst not lay a human heart
Upon a canvas-thread ;
The brightest eye is blind
That tries to peer behind
The Veil and see the Whole ;

No "face-to-face" down here,
We can but dream it clear,
 We'll Live it when we're Dead :—
And yet thy Soul comes somewhere near
 That painted Head !
 I'd try it once again !

A “MODISTE” SUGGESTION!

(Suggested by Giulio Romano's Picture of
“Apollo and the Muses' Dance”)

IF Gods can wear a form of human face,
And mortal limbs are shaped for Godlike grace,
There must be some *external* Deity in Man ;
The dress and gesture of the inner soul
Must be a big component of the whole,
And all our figure cut upon a heavenly plan.

Perhaps the heathen, tho' of darker tint,
Might give his fairer brotherhood a hint ;
For if they knew the beauty of a Classic age,
Apollo dancing with his Muses nine,
Embodiment of form and grace divine,
Some Christian “Fashion Books” would have an
altered page.

SONG OF THE LLANGRANOG POLICEMAN

WHO REFUSED TO LOOK AFTER POACHERS
“ON PRIVATE GROUNDS”

WE never act on private grounds,
We let each Poacher go his rounds,
We disregard all private bounds,
Such Public men are we !

At church we don our buttons bright,
And sing with all bilingual might,
At Concert Doors we're most upright,
For Public men are we.

The sands at midday we parade,
When children in the shallows wade
We offer them ungrudging aid,
Such Public men are we.—

But when the day begins to dawn,
From 3 to 4 on August morn,
When sky is grey and sea-wind blows,
And Poacher's poaching all he knows,
'On private grounds' we all resent
To be on Public Duty sent,
No danger can be imminent
At 4, still less at 3.—

And so our village by the sea
In undisturbed serenity
Dreams on in quiet apathy
Spite Right and Law and Equity ;

Our Poachers poach quite fearlessly,
Our Loaf is sixpence halfpenny,
“ We never prosecute,”—not we.

What was shall ever be :—

Some call it 94 A.D.,
No ‘status quo’ for such as we,
For old Llangranog’s history
Is fast receding to B.C.,
A page of pure antiquity.

LLANGRANOG,
Aug. 1894.

*The four following little Cantatas were specially
written to be sung by the Choir at Bilton
Grange.*

RUTH

(A SACRED CANTATA)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

NAOMI.

RUTH.

BOAZ.

ITHMAH, an aged blind Baalite Seer, friend of Naomi.

CHORUS of Israelites in Moab, friends of Naomi.

CHORUS of Bethlehemite Reapers (men and maidens).

SCENE I

IN MOAB :—*STORM on Mounts Nebo and Pisgah.*

SCENE II

AT BETHLEHEM :—*SUNSHINE in the harvestfield of Boaz.*

[*The simple language of the Hebrew Prophets and Psalmists has been adhered to as much as possible.*]

SCENE I

(*A storm on the mountains of Moab :—Nebo and Pisgah
envcloped in clouds. Peals of Thunder.*)

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

THE King of Heaven hides His throne of Light,
Thick clouds have gathered over Nebo's height ;
There is Darkness on the mountains,
And the clouds pour out their fountains ;
Lo ! He doth send out his Voice !
Yea, and that a mighty Voice !——

The Firmament sheweth the work of Thy hand,
Its sound is gone out into Israel's land,
To the ends of the Earth He hath raised His Voice,
And the famishing daughters of Judah rejoice ;—
Ascribe ye the might to Jehovah alone,
His steps on the mountains can never be known.

Ride on upon the chariot of the cloud,
At Thy rebuke the gathering waters flee,
The sky may threaten with her thunders loud,
But Earth shall tremble at the look of Thee.

Arise, the heavenly Powers are Thine Own,
Arise, the nations bow beneath Thy feet,
Tho' Clouds and Darkness may support Thy throne,
Yet Righteousness and Judgment are Thy seat.

Behold ! great Nebo doth send out his Voice !
And Pisgah answers, Yea a mighty Voice !—

NAOMI.

Blind Seer, thou hast ears, O let them hear !
The Heavens open, O that thou couldst see !
Yea *see* the Voices in my trance so clear
That thunder forth thy doom in Prophecy ;

The Prophecy.

There shall be no shouting for the summer fruits,
The harvest of the land is fallen low ;
The lords of the heathen shall lay waste thy crops,
The lords that stretch beyond the mighty sea ;
In the vineyards there shall be no singing more,
The treaders have no purple grapes to tread ;
Great Moab's daughters mourn along the pools,
Their necks are low, as cranes by Arnon's ford ;
The lions prey on him who dares to flee,
Young lions roaring for their meat from GOD ;
Upon the housetops shall be founts of tears,
And sackcloth in the howling streets below,
The desolate shall seek for Zoar's home,
And find the refuge-city to be gone.—
The hay is withered,—and the grass faileth ;
Surely the people is but summer grass !—
The grass withereth and the flower fadeth,
But the word of the Lord shall endure for ever.—

GOD of my Fathers, heal the blind man's sight !
Reveal to him some Gleam in yonder West !
Show him that Clouds and Darkness are Thy Light,
O touch his vision ere he sinks to rest.

ITHMAH (*the blind Seer*).

The angry cloud
And thunders loud
Leave no Voice for the aged Seer,
I feel no Light
From Baal's height,
But I see the widow's tear.

No evening ray
Lights up the way
That leads to the lonesome West,
My eye is blind,
But my heart is kind,
Sweet Naomi, stay and rest.

I can climb no more
As I climbed of yore,
 O my day of life is late ;
Let me be thy friend
To the very end,
 Sweet Naomi, do but wait.

NAOMI.

Hearest thou the heavenly Voices now ?—
 Look up to the Hills,—and see
The clouds of above are not clouds of below ;
 Thence cometh my help to me.

Thy land is rich, but not for aye,
 And thy fields a plenteous store,
But Baal who is lord to-day
 Shall not reign for evermore.

My dead are dead in yonder grave,
But they're His from Whom they came,
For the Lord who took is the Lord who gave,
And we trust in His holy Name.

ITHMAH.

Dost not thy God in hecatombs delight?
Ten thousand streams of oil, ten thousand sheep?
How can I thus redeem the Seer's sight?
My eyes are darken'd,—they can only weep.

Slay but thy daughter, and my gods shall hear,——
Strike but this firstborn of thy heart so dear,
Strike *her*,—and Moab's flood,
In pools of redden'd blood,
By morning light shall make my vision clear.

NAOMI and CHORUS.

My God is merciful,—His Law is Love,
All that Jehovah doth of us require

Is to do justly and to choose the right
And humbly Walk in His most holy ways ;
My GOD is merciful,—thy country's days
Are not yet number'd in the heavenly scale :—

The Day-spring from on high shall know his place,
The Day-spring from on high shall visit us.
To those who sat in Darkness there is Light
Across our path Death's shadow flees away ;
The Light shall fall upon our wandering feet,
And guide us in the ways of Perfect Peace.

I will arise, my daughters, for the Lord hath given
me bread,
The Lord Himself deal with a kindly hand,
Deal, aye as ye have dealt with all my loving dead,
And grant you rest in Moab's troubled land.

RUTII.

Surely to *thy* hills I lift up mine eyes,
To thee I look, with thee I will arise ;
Moab is Moab to me now no more ;—
I follow, Mother,—lead thou on before.

NAOMI.

Turn again, my daughters,—go not with me,
Turn again, and rest in your husbands' home ;
Nay, the hand of the Lord is gone against me,
And I cross the Valley of Death alone.

RUTH.

Entreat me not to leave thee,—
Entreat me not to leave thee ;—
Where thou goest I will go,
Where thou lodgest I will lodge ;—
Swords may pierce a mother's heart,
But Sun and Shadow cannot part.

Entreat me not to leave thee,
Entreat me not to leave thee ;
Thy people shall be my people,
Thy GOD shall be my GOD ;
Where thou diest, I will die,
Where thou liest, I will lie,—
Swords may pierce a daughter's heart,
But Soul and Body cannot part :—

'The Lord do so and more to me
If aught but Death part thee and me.
Great Baal !—dost thou hear ?
Blind Seer !—dost thou see ?
By Moab's God I swear,
Nought severs thee and me.

[*The storm ceases,—and intense quiet follows.*]

ITHMAH

(*He hears Some one as it were passing by and whispering “Ephphatha”*).

Ephphatha ! Ephphatha !—’twas but a sigh !
Did’st thou not hear some Passer-by ?

Some one bade me arise,
Some one touchéd mine eyes !

The Cloud and the Darkness are gone,
The blind man’s no longer alone !——

Ephphatha ! Ephphatha !—oh ! so nigh !
Surely thou sawest him passing by !

He breathed out his soul,
He hath made me whole !

Oh ! who was the One who passed so near,
The Lover who knew that Love would hear ?

Only a sigh!—Only a sigh!—
But it fell on the agéd Seer's eye;
The dumb shall speak, and the blind shall see,
My daughters, he whispered it all to me:—
The Sigher has passed,—he will come again,
Cloud follows the sunshine, and sunshine the rain.

CHORUS (*a blaze of Sunlight!*)

Behold the Mountain is a throne of Light!
A blaze of glory over Nebo's height!
High roads to Heaven open through the sky,
And man ascends to claim his Deity.

Behold!—the King sends out a mighty Voice!
And Pisgah answers, Yea a mighty Voice!

SCENE II

(*A Field of Boaz at Bethlehem, the Reapers resting in the heat of the day.*)

REAPERS (*Men and Maidens*).

THE Lord is the Shepherd, and safe in His fold
 He keepeth the lambs and the sheep,
The Lord, He is sure, as He promised of old,
 And He gives His belovéd sleep.

By the waters of comfort He leads us along,
 In the midsummer heat of the day,
O sing to the Shepherd Divine a new song,
 He does marvellous things to-day.

The Lord of the Harvest and Fold is the same,
 The corn and the pasture are one,
We'll worship the Lord and sing praise to His Name,
 The heathen shall know what He's done.

(NAOMI and RUTH approach.)

Who are these that fly as a cloud to the West?
Are they Doves from their midday gleaning?
Weary and worn they are seeking their rest,
And the silver wings need preening.

Is it Naomi,¹ "pleasant and sweet" as of old,
Is it Naomi, Judah's kin?—
Let the bleating ewe return to the fold,—
And welcome the Stranger in.

NAOMI.

Call me not 'pleasant' and 'sweet' any more,
For the Lord dealeth bitterly now,—
Call me 'Mara,' 'Mara,'—the Sweet one of yore.
For 'Mara' is marked on my brow.

¹ The word 'Naomi' means 'sweet' or 'pleasant.'

The Sweet one of old she has roamed far away,

Far away from her haven of rest,—

The Sweet one flew forth on a bright summer-day,

And the ‘Bitter’ returns to the nest.

But the ‘Bitter’ is ‘Sweet,’—she is found who was

lost,—

I am Mara and Naomi, One ;—

The Dove of the Rock, that was tempest-tost,

Flutters in, to be Dove of the Sun.

BOAZ.

Mara no more,—Sweet Naomi !

The GOD of Israel be with ye !—

And thou, fair stranger, glean not in another land,

Abide here by my maidens’ side,

Let thine eyes look upon the field they reap,

And drink thou of the water of life.

The Lord recompense thy work among my people,
And make thee safe under the shadow of His wings;
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved,
He that keepeth thee will not sleep ;
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil,
Yea it is He that shall keep thy soul.

NAOMI.

Beauteous Daughter,¹ thou hast found
Friends upon a stranger ground,—
Orphan-Widow, thou art come
Beauteous to a beauteous home.—

Lord of living, Lord of dead,
Let a friendly love be shed
On a stranger orphan's head !—

Bethlehem sends her youth to meet thee,
Men and Maidens rise to greet thee.

¹ The word 'Ruth' means 'beauteous,' and Bethlehem was noted for its beautiful women.

THE REAPERS.

Hail, Beauteous Friend of our old kindred, Hail,
A welcome meets thee on this summer floor,
Thou Rose of Sharon, Lily of the Vale,
'Ihy perfume fills our garden evermore.

RUTH.

The winter is past, and the rain is gone,
Summer Voices are whispering near,
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the turtle-dove woos so dear.

REAPERS.

Arise, my Love, my Fair One, come away,
The Voice of My Beloved's in the land,
For thee He bids the dainty blossom stay,
He feeds upon the lilies from Thy hand.

RUTH.

The east wind hath blown the seed from the seas,
Wild flowers they grow in the corn,
But the Reaper he binds them all in his sheaves,
In his bosom they're safely borne.

REAPERS.

The Dove has found again her rocky hold,
And lays a leaf of olive for her mate,
He sings the love-note that he sung of old,
'She comes, the dear one, if I do but wait.'

RUTH.

O Reaper, bring all to thy Harvest-Home,
Let the Rose and the Lily be thine;—
Arise, my Beloved, and make me Thine Own,
Oh arise, my Beloved is mine.

NAOMI (*the prophecy*).

The Lord shall raise the name of him who's dead,
The House of Israel shall be built again,
There shall be no labour lost within thy gate,
A Giant's arrows are not shot in vain ;——

How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob,
How goodly are thy tabernacles, O Israel,
As valleys, as gardens by the river's side,
As the cedars which the Lord hath planted.

I shall see Him, but not now,
I shall behold Him, but not nigh,—
The Day-Spring from on high hath known His place,
Yea at our Gates, the Day-Spring from on High !

CHORUS.

Thick clouds may gather over Nebo's height,
But lo ! on Bethlehem's hill a Day-Star bright !¹—

¹ (Prophetic of the Star at Christ's Birth.)

The Star of Jacob in our noonday sky
Foretells a great Deliverer is nigh,—
Lo! He doth send out his Voice!
Yea, and that a mighty Voice!

The Doves are flying to their windows in a cloud,
The scales have fallen from the blind man's sight;
The God of Hill and Mountain spake in thunder
loud,
And Clouds and Darkness are eternal Light.

Ascribe ye the might to Jehovah alone,
His steps on the mountains can never be known.

ELISHA ; OR, THE PROPHET'S POWER
(A SACRED CANTATA)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ELISHA.
School of the Prophets.
Wife of one of the Prophets.
A Child.
A Minstrel.
A Country Man.
A Country Woman.

SCENE :

PART I.—*The Banks of the Jordan.*

PART II.—*The Meadows of Abel-Meholah.*

PART I

THE GREAT PROPHET RECEIVES HIS POWER

[SCENE.—*The Jordan.* All are watching *ELIJAH'S Assumption* :—awe-struck.]

CHORUS (*School of Prophets*).

HE rode upon the Cherubim, and did fly,
He came flying upon the wings of the wind ;—
The very Heavens shall praise Thy wondrous
works ;—
Who is there among the Clouds that can be com-
pared unto the Lord ?

“ *The Spirit-Life.*”

Wild Spirit of the Wind !—beneath thy sway
The wave lies at the Ocean-bar asleep ,
204

But at Thy Word yon quiet inland bay
Is mad with all the fury of the deep ;—
I'll hide within the sheltering rock,
I'll only listen to thy shock,
Wild Spirit of the Wind !—

Wild Spirit of the Cloud !—whose mighty spark
Must lie concealed in the Ether-Far,
Till Man shall summon from the mystic Dark
Thy presence to his aid, Thou Thunder-Star ;—
I know not thy mysterious way,
I can but wonder and obey,
Wild Spirit of the Cloud !——

ELISHA.

The Son of Thunder hath Lightning in his hand,
The Man of GOD is man of Fear ;
We send to fetch him,—and the fiery brand
Consumeth all that would draw near,

He stands up as a burning Beacon-Pyre,
His Word one ever-blazing Light,—
This Man of GOD is also man of Fire,
This day a Day that has no Night.

WIFE OF PROPHET.

Through every nation have we sent in vain,
Searching with weary feet and strainéd eye,—
“Let be, let us see if he will come again” :—
Thou Man of God, Thou hidest in the Sky !
Some day, transfigured with thy GOD,
Thou’lt tread the paths that He has trod.

CHILD.

Are they tongues of fire that trail behind
From the raven-wings of the blast ?—
Let the Child but mount on the Chariot-Wind,
Ere the golden wheels have past :
 He has no Fear,
 With a Father near,
He will reach Heaven’s goal at last.

CHORUS.

The Spirit searcheth the Deep,
The Spirit pierceth the Sky,—
No mourner here shall weep,
No Wife, no Child shall cry.

Is it not written by the Man of God,
“Eye hath not seen,¹
Nor ear heard,
Neither have entered into the heart of man
The things which God has prepared for them that
love Him”?

He that drank of the brook by the way
Hath drank of the Fountain of Life,—
Be it known to the Child and the Wife
That he lives to the Judgment-day.

¹ These words have been generally attributed to Elijah.

ELISHA.

As the Lord liveth, and as Thy soul liveth, I will
not leave Thee !

My Father, is this so hard to bestow ?¹
Must some gulf be fixed between ?
My Father, thou said'st that it should be so,
And, thou knowest, mine eyes have seen !

•
Listen ! the Fire flood's fury bates,—
I hear the “ moist whistling breeze,”²
With reverent bow thy Servant waits
With his face between his knees :
“ It shall be so ! ”
Aye !—It *is* so :—
The still small Voice proclaims to me from Heaven
The double portion of thy Spirit given.

¹ 2 Kings ii. 10.

² Song of the Three Children.

CHORUS.

Spirit of GOD Divine!—leading the van
By Cloud and Fire,—the Dove that breathest peace,
Still brooding over new-created man,
The Voice that bids all storms of trouble cease ;—
I know Thou comest from Above,
And thou wilt guide us with Thy Love,
Spirit of GOD Divine !

[*Elisha smites the waters of Jordan and they cross over.*]

He hath smitten the stream with his Mantle-rod,
The waters stood up on an heap,
His two-fold strength is the strength of God,
A highway is made through the deep.

(*The waters subside.*)

The waters have fallen,—there's Peace on the waves,
And the reed-flags droop down their silent staves,—

The waters are dumb,—at the glorious sight
Of the ‘Dancing Meadow’ and ‘Dancing Light.’¹

Song. “THE DANCE OF LIGHT.”²

Spirit in Water, Spirit in Air,
Spirit all throbbing everywhere,—
Dancing Meadow, dancing ray,
Joyous Valley, joyous day,—
Dance of Light on the water’s face,
Buoyant Hope that moves apace.

Up and down, up and down,
Not a cloudlet dare frown,—
The Power of Light is the Power of Life,
No envious vapour enters the strife ;
The Light that smites with a piercing dart,
The Light that smiles on a wearied heart.

¹ Abelmeholah, on the other side of Jordan, means the “Dancing Meadow of Light.”

² Suggestive of the outpouring of the Spirit.

Eyes that are blinded by care and woe,
See all the Spirit that broods below,
Welcome the Life pulsating on earth,
Trace it all back to its heavenly birth,—
The Dances of Light are the whispers divine
That breathe the small voices in Nature's great
shrine.

CHORUS.

Behold ! a double power of Spirit rests on man :—
Unto him that hath shall be given, and he shall have
it in abundance.

The path of the just is as the shining Light
Which shineth more and more unto the perfect
day :—

Verily he is to be had in reverence of all them that
are round about him.

PART II

THE GREAT PROPHET GIVES FORTH HIS POWER

[SCENE.—*The Meadow of Abel-meholah.*]

CHORUS.

I WILL go forth in the strength of the Lord GOD :—
I will prepare the way of the Lord :
I will make straight in the desert a highway for
our GOD.—

The glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together,
The Voice of the Lord hath spoken it.——

“THE PROPHET’S” *Mission.*

He feels the Fire straight fallen from above,
Filled with the Hate of Hate and Love of Love,—
His Words are not his Own ;——the Spirit leaves
Its mandate, tho’ the Voice so gently breathes.

Let me but recognise this form divine
In human friend,—and then Thy Will is mine ;
If but the GOD reveal Himself in Man,
Then Self-control is Master,—and we *Can*.

A COUNTRYMAN.

Thou pourest water on thy Master's hand,¹
The Spirit-flood wells forth upon thy heart,—
The streams are healed throughout our desert-land,
Thy two-fold Power none shall ever part ;
Yea, at our door
For evermore
Thou art.

Song. "LOVE IS OF THE MEADOW."

The power of the Prophet at Home.

And so He leads us from Self's narrow way,
Not to a distant life,—at Fancy's call,
Where Ghost and Angel join us in the fray
And fight a battle round some Air-built wall.

¹ Elisha was 'He who poured water on the hands of Elijah.'

Nay, Love is of the Meadow, here at hand,—

Our griefs and joys we breathe as common air,
Cloud-shadows fall so softly on our land
That all seems sunshine in a scene so fair.

We stretch our wings for larger wider flight

Away from Self, across some boundless sea,
And then there breaks upon our shore a light,
And Lo ! the Haven where we wished to be.

"Tis this the Prophet teaches us to find,

Here in the common haunts of daily life,
This is the training of a noble mind,
A gallant struggle, not a galling strife.

The Fire which fell to-day, can fall always,

This Spirit-Flame, descending like a Dove,
Burning man's heart with unconsuming blaze,
Purging the dross, refines the purest Love.

THE COUNTRY MAN.

Art thou the One who thresheth Gilead's floor,
Bruising the tender ears with iron flail?—
Thy footstep at the sorrowing widow's door
Echoes glad tidings in thy native dale.

Art thou the Terror of great Israel's Kings,
Jehovah's Instrument to kill and slay?—
Not once or twice thy Saviour-mercy brings
Some heavenly food our famine to allay.

Great Healer of the barren land and Dearth,
Thou stayest not the dew and gentle rain;
Thou hast the Prophet's power upon Earth,—
Thou sayest,—and thy Word is not in vain.

(*A Minstrel Plays.*)

Song. “THE SEER’S SAY.”¹

Poet-Prophet, say thy say,
Be thy message what it may,
Mid the hardship and the wrong
Of a people’s restless throng,
Mid the justice and the right
Of a state’s well-ordered might ;
Freely use the Seer’s power,
Heedless of the passing hour :
Thus inspired, simply dare
To proclaim the news you bear ;
Call it Hate, or call it Love,
Welcome, Passion from Above !

(*Enter a Country Woman, who has lost her child.*)

¹ The Prophet must breathe out the breath of God,

COUNTRY WOMAN.

Alas ! My Master, what shall I do ?—

My heart is compassed about
With an army of Terror and Doubt ;
Some Demon of Madness wild
The temple of Home hath defiled ;—

Alas ! My Master, what shall I do ?

My child is dead !——My child !

ELISHA.

Lord, open the Woman's eyes,
Reveal Thyself in the Skies,
Grant her the Faith to see
All that thou shewest me,—

The Hosts that are by her,
The Chariots of Fire ;
According to thy Word,
So be it, Lord,

COUNTRY WOMAN.

Death hath closed the Heaven,
And there is no Light,—
No healing can be given
To the blind Mourner's sight.

ELISHA.

My GOD can open windows from above,
And pour down Life in his undying Love.

THE COUNTRY WOMAN.

Master, Master, what shall we do ?
The Temple broke open !
The Life of it gone !
Breathe,—Breathe out the power of two !
Be the word spoken
Make the Life one !

(*Elisha breathes the divine breath upon the Child.*)

ELISHA.

The bark is at rest that was tempest-tost,
Mother, take back the life that was lost !
The Pilot cries on the Ocean wild,
‘ Mother, take back thy only child.’

.....
Song. “THE MEETING OF HEAVEN AND EARTH”

of which

(A beautiful effect of Light is the figure.)

Some new creative Influence is breathing,
Some distant Heaven melting into Earth,
The greys and golds and opals interweaving
Scarce veil the throes of this New Spirit’s birth.

The Sun-lines all are drawing to a centre,
As if in mercy one Omniscient Eye
Was watching all the Spirit-Thoughts that enter
This newer realm of Life’s Entirety.

All Heaven and Earth interpret their own teaching
From Nature's revelation of her Love,
The shadow of our doubts and fears o'er-reaching
With light of Reason from a clear Above :—

And so He reads the dreams with which He's haunted,
And the great Prophet's new-awakened soul
Is yearning for the larger deeds that daunted
Earlier longings ere his sight was whole.

His eyes are opened, and He goes off strengthened,
In mantle wrapt, inspired with two-fold breath,
The line of Light is carried on and lengthened,
With no horizon between Life and Death.

Then up from resting haunts, where Love and Beauty
Have stirr'd the Spirit-embers into flame ;
No brave man fears the rougher paths of Duty,
When once his heart is set with single aim.

CHORUS.

The Chariot of Light is the Chariot of Life,—
The Fire must take that the Fire must give,
Terror and Peace are no longer at strife ;
Behold we have seen,—and we LIVE.

The Man goeth forth, with all power to save,—
Benefactor and Healer and Friend,—
The bones of the Prophet that lie in the
grave¹
Shall prophesy unto the end.

THE MINSTREL.

The Life and the Death are both One,
The Grave opens wide to the Sun ;
The Sun opens wide to the Grave,

¹ Even in the tomb he restores the dead to life.

The lost one is found who can save ;
Man hath opened his eyes
To the sights in the skies,
And the Two-fold Power hath won.

• • • • •
CHORUS.

I am the Resurrection and the Life,
He that believeth in me shall never Die.

PATMOS; OR, THE REVELATION
(A SACRED CANTATA)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Aged Apostle, ST. JOHN.
The Woman at the Well.
Her little Child.
CHORUS of little Children.
CHORUS of young Peasants.

SCENE:

Evening in the Island; at the Well;—a glorious Sunset.

P A T M O S

[*A Mountain Path—the old Well—Woman, Child, and Islanders,
the Aged Apostle approaches with tottering steps.*]

CHORUS OF YOUNG PEASANTS AND CHILDREN.

WHO is this that cometh with his feet upon the
Mountains,

This Voice in the Island-Wilderness?—

Who hath directed his Spirit?

Who is this that teacheth Knowledge
And sheweth the way of understanding,

That bringeth the mighty to nothing,

And maketh the Princes of the earth as Vanity?—

.
They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their
strength,

They shall mount up with wings as Eagles,

They shall run and not be weary,

They shall walk and not be faint.



PATMOS.

December 31, 1897.

THE WOMAN.

What wilt thou?—Stranger in this desert isle,
Friendless, forsaken, and thy freedom gone,
Banish'd from the city throng,—*alone, alone,*—
Instead of Palace, Temple, and the garish smile
Of fuller life across yon Eastern Sea,
Thine eyes are lost in some rapt ecstasy,—
And stumbling weary up this silent way
Thou would'st lay down thy bones, it seems, for
aye;—

Drink of the water from our living well,—
See here the lilies and the asphodel
The Child has hoarded at his Mother's feet;
In aged hands the children's gifts are sweet,
An incense-offering at the close of day;—
Stay, weary Wanderer, stay!—

THE CHILD.

Thou art no Stranger in our land;—
The lamb is feeding from thy hand,

The kid is nestling at thy feet,
Thy smile hath made the flowers sweet !
A quiet Presence passeth by,
The mountain birds forget to fly,
And all are children and at play
If but thy shadow cross our way.

THE APOSTLE.

The hand of Woman and Child are mine,
For they open wide to me,
And the heart of an Aged Man is thine,
For it opens wide to thee.

.

Is it here the living waters flow,
Though the rocks around are dead ?
Is it here the children's lilies blow
On a lifeless desert-bed ?
Oh ! the Waters of Life and the Lily-bloom
Are the smiles on the face of this Island-gloom.

CHORUS OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

The uplifted hand of Love
Hath smitten the rock with his Word,
And the stream that was deaf hath heard,
From the depths it has leapt above ;—

The flowers are lighting the day
With a sunshine of scarlet beams ;
In the blaze of lilies it seems
All Shadow must flee away.

THE WOMAN.

Rock,—barren rock,—on the island drear and lone,
And no healing fruit to be found,—
No linen and purple, no precious stone
On an exile's barren ground ;—

THE APOSTLE.

Oh ! but Love is a tree all fruit and flower,
And Love is arrayed in finest dower ;
Where Love is, all jewels abound.

THE WOMAN.

The land has no Love to cast out fear,—
A dreary cave,—and no Voice to cheer,—
No Light and no Friend for me ;

THE APOSTLE.

But the Sun in his Giant strength shines here,
And a Countenance like the Sun is near !—
Can'st thou not feel and see ?

Thou callest me Stranger,—friendless and sad,—
Would'st thou know the comfort my heart has had ?

Oh ! the trumpet tongues are loud,
The trumpets that beckon me “come up higher
To the seven-fold blaze of the lamps of fire,”
And the Aged Wanderer’s soul is glad
As he hears the mountain-crowd.

CHORUS OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

Some dimly-moving throng,
That knows not our desert-ways,
Moves on in the mountain-haze
To the notes of a mystic song ;—

They are coming——to us alone,—
But the Aged Wanderer is here,—
I can see no others near,—
Are the Crowd and the Stranger one ?

THE CHILD.

Love broods upon our path to-day ;——
The Eagle hath forsook his prey,
The Lizard in the rock hard by
Hath left the jewell'd butterfly ;
Since thy strange step has hither come,
Love knows no torment in our Home,
Love casteth out all common fear,
Love then can be no Stranger here.—

THE WOMAN.

Thou know'st not the howling weird and shrill,
The Wind and the Thunder-cry,
The dust and vomiting smoke that fill
The dome of our Island-sky.

THE APOSTLE.

I hear but the harps in the rocky cleft,
And the golden viols the Angels left
As their cloud of wings swept by.

THE CHILD.

See, Mother, a road in yon opening sky,
Dear Mother, more Strangers are passing by!—

Is it only a step with a lonesome tread,
A heart's big startling beat,
The pulsing throbs of an aching head,
And the drag of weary feet?—
Oh! the island echoes with strangest sound!—
Are we treading, dear Mother, on holy ground?

THE APOSTLE.

Or are there ten thousand Voices nigh,
And no man can number the Virgin cry,
 In linen and gold arrayed,
 And a palm on each bosom laid,
And their names all sealed on high ?
All sealed,—and they hunger and thirst no more,
 Each name on a blazon'd brow ;—
Do ye hear the Wind and the Thunder's roar,
 Or the Trumpets talking now ?

CHORUS OF YOUNG MEN AND CHILDREN.

The Mountain mists are falling from the skies,
 Our drooping hearts a little Child can raise,—
Sweet Mother, thou must look with younger eyes,
 And learn from Infants' lips to perfect praise.

Oh ! Father ! lay thee down and rest awhile,
Thy thoughts soar up above this barren Isle,

And leave thy words a mighty vapour-shroud,
No Sun to draw them upwards,—such a cloud
Is on us,—Oh! for some revealing Light
Before our Evening settles into Night.

[*Mysterious Music, gradually becoming more defined.*] .

THE REVELATION

THE APOSTLE.

Clouds!—no Clouds!—Dominion of Infinite Sun!

Rock, Island, Sky and Sea,

All, all ablaze to me;

A ruby headland, and a sapphire bay,

A diamond tide that breaks with emerald spray,

Vistas of opal, stairs of pearly light,

Throne of our God inimitably bright;—

Listen, They're calling me

Up to the crystal sea!

Heaven opens!—and my wandering days are done.

THE CHILD AND THE WOMAN.

Rock, Island, Sky and Sea,

All, all ablaze to me.—

Dominion of Infinite Sun,

And the Wanderer's days are done.

FULL CHORUS.

Rock, Island, Sky and Sea,
All, all ablaze to me ;
Dominion of Infinite Sun,
And the Wanderer's days are done.

THE APOSTLE.

Clouds !—no Clouds !—new laws with an Infinite Sun !
Wide chasms in the Ocean bed,
And the mighty Sea gives up the dead ;
The waters of Life are the waters of Light,
And Giants scale Heaven in new-born might ;—
The depths and the heights all meet,
And the dead stand up on their feet ;—
Listen, they're calling me
Up to the crystal sea !—
Wait !—why wait ?—when all the ten thousands are
one.

THE CHILD AND THE WOMAN.

The depths and the heights all meet,
And the dead stand up on their feet ;—

New laws with an Infinite Sun,
Why wait, if the day is done ?

FULL CHORUS.

The depths and the heights all meet,
And the dead stand up on their feet ;
New laws with an Infinite Sun,
Why wait, if the day is done ?

THE APOSTLE.

Clouds ! no Clouds !—It's the Heavenly City's walls ;
I see all new that was old,
And the streets of purest gold,
Measured with the angel-reed four square,
And they need no light of a candle there,

For the Bride and the Bridegroom are coming along
With trailing glory and radiant song,—

And they're opening the gates
For the wanderer who waits!—

Let me die! It's the Bridegroom Himself who calls!

THE CHILD AND THE WOMAN.

Let him die—for his day is done!
Let him die—for the fight is won.

I see all new that was old
And the streets of purest gold;
They're opening the gates
For the Wanderer who waits.

FULL CHORUS.

Let him die—for his day is done!
I see all new that was old
And the streets of purest gold;

They're opening the gates
For the Wanderer who waits !
Let him die—for the fight is won.

THE WOMAN.

The old Man sinks,—and now he breathes his
last,—

'The glory in the western Heavens has past,—
The outlines of the hills are lost in night,
And clear and fast in strange revealéd light
New paths lie open to our quickened eye,—
A New Creation's law prevails on high,—
The Book of Life is writ, the inspired lore
In Revelation of GOD'S Evermore.—

By Faith, by all he felt and saw and heard,
He smites the World with his two-edgéd Word,
And where he lies, upon this rocky Island-sod
Men e'er shall say 'here died the Eagle-Saint of God.'

FULL CHORUS.

Behold the former things have passed away,
And the Tabernacle of God is with men,
And He shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

THE WOMAN AND THE CHILD.

New Heavens new Earth are made to-day,
In the stone is writ a new Name,
Mysterious Name that none can say
Save he that receiveth the same.

I thank Thee, O Father, of High and Low,
That the Children may come to Thee,
For the wise and prudent may not know,—
But the Babes, they all shall see.

FULL CHORUS.

This is He who came with his feet upon the mountains,
The Voice in the Island-Wilderness :—
To Him that overcometh shall be given a new Name,
For the first Heaven and the first Earth have passed
away.

JOHN BAPTIST

THE VOICE AND SIMPLE MESSAGE OF THE KING

(A SACRED CANTATA)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE BAPTIST.

ELIZABETH.

CHORUS. The Multitude from Judæa.

VOICES of the Multitude.

Voice I.

Voice II.

Voice III.

Voice IV.

A Woman.

A Soldier.

A Child.

SCENE :

Outskirt of the Wilderness—by the Jordan.

A Multitude come out to see the Baptist.

PART I

THE VOICE

CHORUS.

THE Voice of Him that crieth in the Wilderness,
Make straight in the desert a highway for our
GOD.—

The Glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it,
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

To perform the mercy promised to our forefathers
And to remember his holy Covenant ;
To perform the oath which he sware to Abraham
That he would give us.

VOICE I.

What went ye out for to see?
A reed shaken by the wind?
But what went ye out for to see?
Who hath known the Almighty's mind?
Who can find
What manner of Child this shall be.

CHORUS.

Holy Prophets, Holy Sages,
Through the course of Israel's ages,
All who ever paced
This stony desert waste,
To you from time of old
The promise was foretold,
A VOICE should cry, unceasing cry
Until the Dayspring from on High
Should make the lengthening shadows cease
And show our feet the way of Peace.

Q

ELIZABETH.

Born the Harbinger of Grace,
Thou shalt go before His face
 To prepare the way ;
Since thou leap'st within the womb,
Verily no mortal tomb
 Thy Voice can stay.

VOICE II.¹

'Thou hast no Future !—sad thy lot !—
 Out in this barren wilderness,
 Sackcloth and camel's hair thy dress,
 No wish for each day's more or less,
 Out of the reach of eager strife,—
 Still land of Death, where stiller Life
 Is deaf to sound of Joy or Sorrow,—
 All void to-day, all voider yet to-morrow,—

¹ These Voices reflect the different minds of the multitude as to Who and What John was.

No friend to reason out the Who and How,—
No God to listen to a prayer or vow,—
One level line of grey and gloomy Now ;—
Thou hast no Future!—sad thy lot !

VOICE III.

Thou hast no Future?—Hast thou not?
When in the wear of life's distress
Each uneventful day can bless
The peace of mind, without a guess
Of Who or How, but yet the heart
In silence feels a better part,
A strength all Future-spent in Present-doing,
A joy to-day that courts no morrow's woo-
ing,—
To-day with all its countless ties of love,
So powerful, no Future bliss above
Could sweeter holier influence move ;
Hast thou no Future?—Hast thou not?—

VOICE IV.

Aye!—God wot
From the beginning
To the ending,
All that can be
All that may be
I know not.

CHORUS.

Some instinct leads us over rock and sand
 Into a wild land ;
We have no Angel-wing to soar the Sky
 Where truer Voices cry,
No Spirit of the Deep bears us along
 In chorus of pure song ;—
Has Death some secret voice the longing ear
 Is all attent to hear ?

Or is some strange Life here before our eyes
Hiding in dark disguise?

We come to know,—and wait in anxious love
A message from Above.

THE BAPTIST.

We mortals wander in a narrow land,
Guiding each footstep by some dial hand :—
Yet wave on wave of Life's wide Ocean
Beats slow and true in rhythmic motion,—
A Universe of being, and no shore
To break the ceaseless tide of Evermore ;—
Living and Dead are one,
I stand not here alone.

Look but to yon approaching Hesper-star,
Thou hast no unit for thy near and far,—
No barrier marks the bourne of Sun and Sun,
All undivided,—infinitely One ;—
In this great firmament no Voice can die,
'I am' must be 'I am' eternally ;

The Prophet has no choice,
He is the same true Voice,
The unchanging Word
Of an unchanging Lord,—
And thus his mortal breath
Lives on in Death.

ELIZABETH.

Whence cometh Thou, strange Wandering Child,
From out this silent friendless wild?—
What manner of Man shall this be!
Thy Nation, thy Home,
Say Elias is come,—
Tell us plainly if thou art he.

THE BAPTIST.

I have been in the Cave, in the Mountain hold
When the Lightning rent the sky,
But the words were the words he heard of old,

The gentle message left
In rugged Horeb's cleft
As the Spirit passéd by,—
'The Father breathes upon the Son,
The Dead and the Living are One.'
What matters it whither I fly,
I hear but the selfsame cry.

"The Wind that Blew Four-square."

A CHILD.

A sandstorm passed over the bones,
And the warriors were swept away,
Silent and bleached as the stones
On the morrow those bodies lay.

But a Voice on the wild was heard
'Let the four winds breathe their breath,'
And the shaking bones were stirr'd
In the grave of the Valley of Death.

The winds they blew four-square,
And the dead men stood upright,
For the Spirit of God was there
That breathed with a living might.—

Prophesy, Son of Man, once more,
Let the Voice live on as of old,
No tide can break if there is no shore,
From the deep to the deep be it told.

ELIZABETH.

This Spirit whispers in my ear
That the Prophet's step approaches near,—
Cry, cry,—All flesh is grass,
Cry, cry,—let the silence pass ;
He hath opened our eyes, so that none shall
close,
The wilderness shall blossom like the rose.

This Spirit leapt within my soul,
And a mother's broken heart is whole,—
The grass and the flower may die,
But the Voice of the Prophet is nigh :
He hath loosened the tongue, that shall never
be dumb,¹
To the wilds of men hath this Kingdom come.

CHORUS.

Who knows what power a Message brings,
When it cleaves through the air on Eagle-
wings?²—
Eagle, seek thou the higher skies,
Soar through the lower mists, arise !
Till the clouds one day
For the Dove make way

¹ Luke i.² Rev. xii. 14.

With the Day-spring from on High :—

 Oh the Eagle and Dove

 Are the powers of Love

When they meet half-way in the sky.

Then bend the knee low,

And in reverence bow,

For the Voice of the Prophet is heard in the land,

‘Repent—Repent!—The Kingdom is at hand!’

PART II

THE MESSAGE AND THE KING

CHORUS.

Thou Child shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest,
For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord
To prepare His ways,
To give light to them that sit in darkness
And in the shadow of death.

The wintry thorn-brakes with a Presence burn,
The Spirit bloweth on the sod,
The hearts of children to their Fathers turn,¹
The hearts of Fathers to their God.

¹ Malachi iv. 6.

'Wash ye, be clean'! Behold, the Baptist cries;
And did some fiery meteor rend the skies?
The Spirit broods upon the waters' face,—
No star of ill this Harbinger of Grace.

Oh! would'st thou turn thy country's heart,
Say, Prophet, plainly Who thou art.

THE BAPTIST.

I am no One,—I am not I—
A Voice from above ;—
Truth, Truth, from a clear-blue sky
Falls, like a Dove ;
The world that lived a Lie
Shall live in Love.

The dead must lie where they lie,
And the blind must wait to see,
But the Miracle-worker¹ is nigh
And He cometh suddenly.

¹ John x. 41.

He standeth among the crowd,¹
The One whom the Father sent,—
The Voice can but cry aloud
As of old, ‘Repent, Repent.’

A SOLDIER.

With battle-axe and shield,
On many a hard-fought field,
In War’s full tide I stood,
And stemm’d the stream of blood,
With thrust of spear and sword,
Staunch to a soldier’s word,
I have served my country true,—
Say, Prophet, what shall I do?

THE BAPTIST.

Do violence to none,
Truth be thy coat of mail.
Let legion hosts assail,
Thou fightest not alone.

¹ John i. 26.

Be strong in gentleness,—
Where soldiers wield the Sword
My Master speaks the Word
His enemy to bless.

A WOMAN.

And what shall Woman do,
She that can play a part
With earnest active heart,—
Is silence all her due?

THE BAPTIST.

See that thou speak no guile,
And keep thy tongue from ill,
So shalt thou fulfil
All righteousness the while.

The dignity of Love
Is to serve with Woman's Grace;—
Some watch the Father's face
In the perfect realm above.

A CHILD.

And the Child, baptized by thee,
He too would be great and true,
A man 'to be and to do,'—
What mighty work hath he?

THE BAPTIST.

The Child a Man?—Aye evermore,
If Manhood thou would'st see,
The Greatest being he
Who loves a Childhood's lore.

My King a sceptre sways,
And this the King's decree,
Would'st thou His chieftain be,
Remain a Child always.

To this be reconciled,
If Manhood's dazzling car
Tempt thee to soar too far,
Step down and be a Child.

Disciples, end your strife,
If at "greatest" ye would aim
There is no other claim
Save through the children's life.

CHORUS.

The Voice is a Trumpet call
With one clear note for all,—
Though it may no more be heard,
It speaks an undying word,—

It may pass away,
But we saw The Day,
And we knew that this was He.
The Prophets of old
All along foretold
What manner of Man he should be.

THE BAPTIST.

The King "whom I never knew"¹
To-day is revealed to you :
The Lord of the Ingathering is come,
 He to increase,
 I to decrease,
The Lord of the heavenly Harvest-Home :—
 Behold the Man !
 With the Winnowing-Fan
 In His human hand
 To purge the land,

¹ John i. 31.

And take away the sin
Of all that dwell therein ;
But those whom He loves to save
Must pass through a fiery wave.¹

CHORUS.

Behold from Heaven the Man ! -

He stands at the door
Of his threshing floor
With the Winnowing-Fan
In his hand, evermore.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath
Visited and redeemed His people,
And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us
In the house of His servant David,
As He spake by the mouth of His holy Prophets
Which have been since the world began.

¹ Matt. iii. 11.

O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings,
Lift up thy Voice with strength,
Lift it up, be not afraid,
Say unto the cities of Judah
‘Behold your God.’—

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the
Sin of the World!

THE END

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